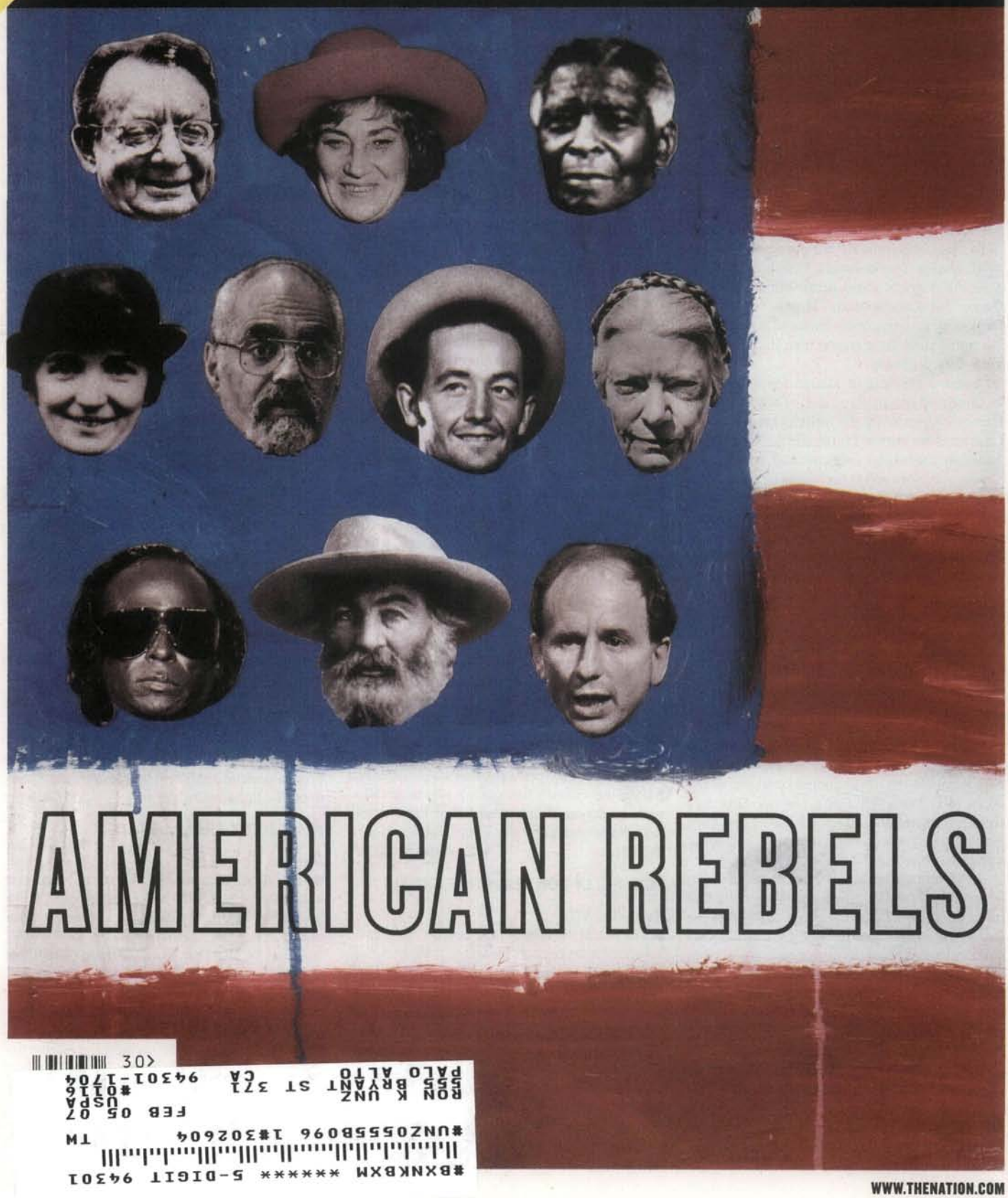
JULY 21/28, 2003

The Mideast Road Map, Past and Future

$2.95 US/$3.95 CANADA

DOUBLE ISSUE

The Nation.



AMERICAN REBELS

30>
#BXNKBXM ****** 5-DIGIT 94301
TW
#UNZ055B096 1#302604
FEB 05 07
USPA
RON K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST 371 #0116
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

WWW.THENATION.COM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Letters

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

LET'S HEAR IT FOR ATCA!

Washington, DC

■ Daphne Eviatar's otherwise excellent article on the lawsuits against Unocal, which seek to hold the company liable for human rights abuses committed as part of its operations in Burma ["Profits at Gunpoint," June 30], implies that the statute has only recently been pulled from obscurity to sue multinational corporations. In reality, the law—the Alien Tort Claims Act—has been used for more than twenty years to sue individuals responsible for egregious human rights abuses. In a landmark 1980 human rights case, *Filartiga v. Pena-Irala*, litigated by the Center for Constitutional Rights (CCR), the family of a young man tortured to death in Paraguay sued the torturer, then living in New York City, and won.

Later cases sought justice for Argentines tortured and disappeared during the dirty war; Haitians tortured by the military dictatorship; Guatemalans whose communities were decimated by the military regime; and three Ethiopian women tortured as teenagers by a man who later moved to Atlanta, taking a job in the very hotel in which one of his victims was working. A case against former Philippine strongman Ferdinand Marcos sought reparations for torture, summary execution, disappearance and prolonged arbitrary detention. A case against Radovan Karadzic sought justice for the victims of the genocidal war in Bosnia-Herzegovina. That case provided a transition toward corporate accountability, when the court held that private persons—and now, corporate entities—can be held liable for human rights abuses committed in complicity with government officials. In 1994, EarthRights International and the CCR teamed up to prepare what became the first corporate case to satisfy the jurisdictional standards of the Alien Tort Claims Act, *Doe v. Unocal*. Attorneys from the International Labor Rights Fund have since litigated several corporate cases, including a case that runs parallel to *Doe v. Unocal*.

In certain circumstances, the statute can also be used against US government officials and hired guns, which has triggered outrage in the Bush Administration. Recently the Ninth Circuit held that a Mexican doctor kidnapped from Mexico by the Drug Enforcement Administration on suspicion of involvement in the murder of a DEA agent was entitled to damages for arbitrary arrest and detention.

The current Justice Department's virulent opposition to the statute is certainly fueled by corporations seeking impunity abroad. But George W. Bush's people at Justice also oppose all uses of the statute, insisting that our courts should have no role in providing relief for victims of human rights abuses. It betrays a complete disregard for the First Congress, which adopted the law in 1789, for prior administrations' views of the statute and for a quarter-century of careful and consistent application by the courts. RALPH STEINHARDT

George Washington University Law School

NOTES FROM BIRDCAGE BOTTOM

Seattle

■ It amazes me that people of the Eastern Seaboard, even people I trust and respect—and I mean Eric Alterman here—keep forgetting that for those of us in the rest of the country, the *New York Times* is not particularly important ["Stop the Presses," June 30]. Many of us consider the contents of newspapers to be opinion. And yesterday's paper winds up in the recycling bin, even if it *is* the *New York Times*. The area of concern is that in a world where people lie, plagiarize, exaggerate and are otherwise duplicitous, affirmative action gets the blame. That's what needs to be confronted. PATRICIA BARBER

Portland, Me.

■ I'm surprised Eric Alterman didn't list the *Boston Globe* in his short tabulation of still-liberal newspapers. Having given up, after fifty years, on the pious, pretentious, condescending, Clinton-hating, Lieberman-loving, Bush-ass-kissing, Pope-adoring, religion-riven, boring *New York Times*, I discovered, to my delight, the *Boston Globe*, with its refreshing, down-to-earth, clearly written, old-fashioned, unabashedly liberal opinions and coverage. I mean, I *know* of the Republifascists' plans to turn the United States into a theocratic oligarchy—I don't need the likes of Andrew Sullivan et al. drooling through their soup to further inform me of the treason. And while the *Times* has raised its Sunday price to an outrageous, elitist $4.50, the *Globe*'s has gone *down* to $1.50—with no decrease in content! And I *know* both papers are owned by the Times Corporation—go figure. ALEXANDER WALLACE

FCC: FULLY CONSERVATIVE CABAL?

Asheville, NC

■ The recent disturbing FCC actions come as no surprise [John Nichols and Robert W. McChesney, "Standing Up to the FCC," June 23]. Until February, I was a full-time announcer at WZLS-FM, Z-96.5, here in Asheville. WZLS was a rarity in radio: a locally focused, community-supportive station with live announcers 24/7. The format was rock and roll, with the DJs choosing their music from the library of Brian Lee, program director and son of Zeb Lee, station owner and radio pioneer. The Lee family had been in radio here for more than forty years.

On February 21, the FCC ordered WZLS off the air with less than nine hours' notice. The frequency had been auctioned to the highest bidder, thanks to a rider on the 1998 federal budget bill by Senator John McCain that allowed the FCC to auction off six contested frequencies rather than assign them fairly. The 96.5 frequency was the only one actually *on* the air at the time. It ended up in the hands of Liberty Productions, a company once declared by an FCC judge to be "unfit to be a Commission licensee" and has since been sold to Saga Communications of Michigan. The FCC got $2.3 million for the license. The Lees, their livelihood taken from them, got nothing for their years of hard work (see www.wzls.com). The FCC no longer serves the public interest.

JEFF ALLAN

'KANGAROO COURTS-MARTIAL'

Froson, Sweden

■ As an antiwar lawyer who handled draft and military cases during the Vietnam War, I was reminded on reading David Cole's "Defending Show Trials" [June 16], on the upcoming trials of Guantánamo Bay prisoners, of the old observation that military justice is to justice what military music is to music. Given that Bush's military wants to assure kangaroo courts-martial for the prisoners, I'm hoping that any civilian lawyer with integrity and gumption enough to defend his/her client under the stated circumstances will use the opportunity to educate Americans and the rest of the world by publicly and loudly denouncing this vicious fraud, the trademark of virtually everything being done by this Administration. DON BAY

SO, WHY *ARE* WE IN IRAQ?

Swarthmore, Pa.

■ It appears that the United States may have been neoconned into invading Iraq by the President's Feith-based initiative. AARON FINE

STATEMENT FROM A STATE

Boston

■ Everyone here at Neighbor to Neighbor Massachusetts (N2N-MA) appreciated John Nichols's "Taking It to the States" [June 9]. But our victories were understated. In 1999 N2N-MA and the Working Family Agenda Coalition (WFAC) won over $1 *billion* in new wages and benefits for working families—against the opposition of a Republican governor and DLC-style conservative Democratic House leadership. In 2002 our coalition won the most progressive tax reform in Massachusetts since World War II, using the state fiscal crisis to reverse pro-corporate tax policies and send a powerful rebuke to Bush's agenda.

Our electoral program is a necessary part of

(Continued on Page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED JULY 1

IN THIS ISSUE

VOLUME 277, NUMBER 3

2 **LETTERS**

EDITORIALS & COMMENT

3 BILLIONAIRES FOR BUSH
4 COURT-WATCHING
David Cole
5 QUEER CHEER
Richard Kim
6 WMD: WHO KNEW WHAT?
David Corn
7 "...THE EVIDENCE INDICATES A PATTERN OF ABUSE..."
Keith Aoki and Garrett Epps
8 SADDAM MYSTERY SOLVED
Bruce McCall
8 EARLY RETURNS
John Nichols
10 DEMS—WHY NOT WOO THE YOUNG?
Thomas Geoghegan

COLUMNS

6 DEALINE POET
A Summary of Justice...
Calvin Trillin
11 BEAT THE DEVIL
The Enemy Within
Alexander Cockburn
12 LOOKOUT
Canada: Hippie Nation?
Naomi Klein

ARTICLES

13 AMERICAN REBELS
Jack Newfield
14 WALT WHITMAN
Richard Gambino
17 I.F. STONE
Victor Navasky
20 BELLA ABZUG
Patricia Bosworth
22 MILES DAVIS
Lucius Shepard
24 MARGARET SANGER
Ellen Chesler
26 BENJAMIN MAYS
Roger Wilkins
30 WOODY GUTHRIE
Steve Earle
32 DOROTHY DAY
Chris Barrett and Wayne Barrett
34 BOB MOSES
Tom Hayden
37 PAUL WELLSTONE
Joe Conason

BOOKS & THE ARTS

39 BASS: Support Any Friend: Kennedy's Middle East and the Making of the US-Israel Alliance
Patrick Seale
44 ENDERLIN: Shattered Dreams: The Failure of the Peace Process in the Middle East, 1995–2002
KIMMERLING: Politicide: Ariel Sharon's War Against the Palestinians
CHOMSKY: Middle East Illusions: Including *Peace in the Middle East? Reflections on Justice and Nationhood*
Roane Carey
50 FILMS: Legally Blonde 2
Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle
Stuart Klawans

Cover art by Josh Gosfield; illustrations by Christoph Niemann, Karen Caldicott, Caitlin Dover; photos by AP/Wide World, Corbis, Bettmann/Corbis

EDITORIALS

Billionaires for Bush

I believe in the division of labor. You send us to Congress; we pass laws under which you make money...and out of your profits, you further contribute to our campaign funds to send us back again to pass more laws to enable you to make more money.
—Senator Boies Penrose (R-Pa.), 1896

George W. Bush, Dick Cheney and Laura Bush have been darting across the country these past few weeks raising money for Bush-Cheney '04 Inc. Bush, who broke all precedent in his 2000 bid by opting out of the presidential public-financing system and the spending limits it imposes, is once again pushing the envelope—and the corporate execs, lobbyists and wealthy individuals he has enriched are sending envelopes back, stuffed with checks. His operatives say he hopes to raise $170 million for next year's primaries—an obscene amount, since he will have no Republican challenger and his Democratic opponents will be held to a $45 million spending ceiling. But they're deliberately lowballing his total. Given the $101 million he raised in 1999–2000 and the unwise doubling (by the reform-hungry McCain-Feingold-Shays-Meehan squad) of the individual donation limit to $2,000, Bush starts with a potential funding base of $200 million or more.

Nothing like this has happened since the robber barons and the trusts united behind William McKinley's 1896 campaign. Back then, Senator Mark Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, invented the first truly national campaign fundraising machine, setting precise assessments for contributions from banks and other businesses that feared Democrat William Jennings Bryan's populism. Hanna, who famously quipped, "There are two things that are important in politics. The first is money and I can't remember what the second one is," raised $6 million to $7 million for McKinley, which in today's dollars would be about $150 million. By comparison, the reform group Public Campaign points out that Bush's $200 million will be more than all the private money raised by the Republican presidential nominees since Watergate, adjusted for inflation. It's not for nothing that Karl Rove describes Mark Hanna as his political hero.

So what? says the corporate right. As the President's spokesman, Ari Fleischer, said, "I think the amount of money that candidates raise in our democracy is a reflection of the amount of support they have around the country." The issue, however, isn't just how much money a candidate raises but where it comes from and how it skews the candidate pool and the political debate. Bush's money machine—as we went to press he was on track to garner more in a few weeks than all nine Democratic candidates raised in the first three months of the year—is a measure of his popularity only among people who can afford to write $1,000 or $2,000 checks. That group is less than one-tenth of 1 percent of the population, and far wealthier, whiter, older and more likely to be male than the general population. America's financial elite is well represented in this "donor class," and its interests in tax breaks and regulatory rollbacks are given disproportionate attention because of its contributions.

There are two solutions to this problem. The first is to expose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

The Nation.

PUBLISHER AND EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Victor Navasky

EDITOR: Katrina vanden Heuvel

MANAGING EDITOR: Karen Rothmyer
LITERARY EDITOR: Adam Shatz
SENIOR EDITORS: Richard Lingeman (*on leave*), Esther Kaplan (*acting*), Betsy Reed
COPY CHIEF: Roane Carey
COPY EDITOR: Judith Long
ASSOCIATE LITERARY EDITOR: Hillary Frey
COPY ASSOCIATE: Lisa Vandepaer
ASSISTANT COPY EDITOR/TECHNOLOGY COORDINATOR: Amiri K. Barksdale
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR: Peggy Suttle
INTERNS: Ibrahim Ahmad, Rebecca Aronauer, Ari D. Berman, Timothy Bradley, Sasha F. Chavkin, Himali Dixit, Jacqueline Kucinich (*Washington*), Ladane Nasseri, Mark Sorkin

WASHINGTON, DC: EDITOR: David Corn; CORRESPONDENT: John Nichols

NATIONAL AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT: William Greider

COLUMNISTS: Eric Alterman, Alexander Cockburn, Naomi Klein, Katha Pollitt, Patricia J. Williams

DEPARTMENTS: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Films*, Stuart Klawans; *Legal Affairs*, David Cole; *Music*, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Peace and Disarmament*, Jonathan Schell; *Poetry*, Grace Schulman; *United Nations*, Ian Williams; *Deadline Poet*, Calvin Trillin

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Lucia Annunziata, Kai Bird, George Black, Robert L. Borosage, Stephen F. Cohen, Marc Cooper, Mike Davis, Slavenka Drakulić, Robert Dreyfuss, Susan Faludi, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, John Leonard, Michael Moore, Richard Pollak, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Robert Scheer, Herman Schwartz, Andrew L. Shapiro, Ted Solotaroff, Edward Sorel, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener, Amy Wilentz, Art Winslow

BUREAUS: *Budapest*, Miklós Vámos; *London*, Maria Margaronis and D.D. Guttenplan; *Southern Africa*, Mark Gevisser

EDITORIAL BOARD: Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Eric Foner, Philip Green, Lani Guinier, Tom Hayden, Randall Kennedy, Tony Kushner, Elinor Langer, Deborah W. Meier, Toni Morrison, Richard Parker, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Neil Postman, Marcus G. Raskin, David Weir, Roger Wilkins

PRESIDENT: Teresa Stack

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, SPECIAL PROJECTS/WEBSITE: Peter Rothberg
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, DEVELOPMENT/ASSOCIATES: Peggy Randall
VICE PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING: Ellen Bollinger
ADVERTISING MANAGER, SMALL DISPLAY, EVENTS, CLASSIFIED: Michael Tierno
VICE PRESIDENT, CIRCULATION: Arthur Stupar
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Michelle O'Keefe
ASSISTANT CIRCULATION MANAGER: Inga Knets
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Jane Sharples
TYPOGRAPHER/WEB PRODUCER: Sandy McCroskey
PRINT COORDINATOR: Timothy Don
NATION ASSOCIATES MANAGER: Peter Fifield
PUBLICITY/SYNDICATION DIRECTOR: Mike Webb
COMMUNICATIONS COORDINATOR: Habiba Alcindor
DIRECTOR OF TECHNOLOGY/WEB PUBLISHER: Scott Klein
CONTROLLER: Mary van Valkenburg
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER AND OFFICE MANAGER: Mary Taylor Schilling
DATA ENTRY/MAIL COORDINATOR: John Holtz
ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT: Kathleen Thomas
RECEPTIONIST/BUSINESS ASSISTANT: Larri Washington

MANUSCRIPT SUBMISSIONS AND LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: E-mail manuscripts to submissions@thenation.com; e-mail letters to the editor (300-word limit) to letters@thenation.com. E-mail is preferred, but submissions and letters may also be mailed to The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by SASE. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the second week in January, and biweekly the fourth week of July through the third week of September) by The Nation Company, L.P. © 2003 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, L.P., 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. (212) 209-5400. Washington Bureau: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149, or call 1-800-333-8536. **When ordering a subscription, please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $4 prepaid ($6 foreign) from: The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149. This issue went to press on July 1. Printed in U.S.A. on recycled paper.

INTERNET: Selections from The Nation are available on Thursday by 12 midnight Eastern Time, at www.thenation.com.

Bush's special-interest fundraising, as groups like the Reform Voter Project have already begun to do—for example, with an ad linking the millions Bush has received from air polluters with the rise in asthma attacks among children. The connections between his policies and his special-interest contributors could be Bush's Achilles heel. The second is to insist that the Democratic presidential candidates talk about how they would fix the ailing presidential public financing system. Arizona's and Maine's clean elections systems offer hopeful models in which more than half the current elected officials, including Arizona's governor, received full public funding in exchange for abiding by strict spending limits and raising no private funds. Under these systems, once a candidate qualifies by collecting a large number of small contributions there is no more debilitating money chase and no more wooing of the wealthiest. Instead, candidates get to spend their time talking to average voters and addressing their concerns. Cynics and pessimists might say that such reforms will never spread (though versions have been recently passed in North Carolina and New Mexico). They would do well to recall the Progressive Era of the early twentieth century, which was spurred by the excesses of the Penroses and Hannas, and take heart for the battles ahead.

COMMENT

Court-Watching

Nation readers should be excused for wondering whether they were in some sort of time warp as the Supreme Court closed its term with a slew of decisions that recalled the halcyon days of Chief Justice Earl Warren. In a single week, the Court upheld affirmative action, issued a trailblazing gay rights decision, reversed a death sentence for ineffective assistance of counsel (for only the second time in the two decades that this right has existed) and threw out a sex offense conviction for violating the Constitution's ex post facto clause.

And that's not all. Earlier in the term, the Court shocked Court-watchers by ruling that Congress could require the states to pay damages for violating the Family and Medical Leave Act, halting in its tracks a troubling line of states' rights decisions. It made it extremely difficult for states to medicate mentally incompetent criminal defendants in order to render them competent to stand trial. And it upheld, against a right-wing "property rights" challenge, a critically important state program for funding pro bono legal services with the interest from lawyers' trust accounts.

What's going on here? Is this the same Supreme Court that contravened all its own principles to find in the equal protection clause a basis for anointing George W. Bush as President in the 2000 election, that has systematically eroded the Constitution's protections for the criminally accused and that has shown far more concern for the rights of state treasuries than of abused citizens? How does one explain this sudden concern for individual rights and equality?

It's true that the Court's most recent decisions don't provide a complete picture of the term. Other decisions seem more familiar. In a pair of due process cases, the Court held that foreign nationals can be locked up and citizens can be put on sex offender registries

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without individualized hearings. It declined to find any constitutional barrier to imposing the death penalty on minors. It refused to find any problem with California's "three strikes" law, which resulted in a sentence of at least fifty years without parole for two minor shoplifting offenses. And it allowed Congress to use its purse strings to force libraries to place overbroad "porn" filters on their computers, establishing a dangerous precedent for the use of federal funds to achieve censorious results.

In addition, the "victories" have to be viewed in context. *Grutter v. Bollinger*, the affirmative-action decision, merely cemented what has been, in practice, the status quo for twenty-five years, ever since the Court's *Bakke* decision. The reason holding the line is considered such a victory is that the Court has cut back so much on equal protection since *Bakke*, committing itself to an illusory ideal of "colorblindness" that is willfully blind to the fact that race still matters. *Lawrence v. Texas*, the gay rights decision, simply corrects the wrong the Court committed in *Bowers v. Hardwick* seventeen years ago, when it narrowly upheld a sodomy statute with the tortured reasoning that since gays and lesbians have been repressed and vilified from time immemorial, it cannot be unconstitutional to continue to do so. And Congress's ability to impose damages on states for violating the Family and Medical Leave Act was only in question at all because this Court in the past ten years has created a states' immunity jurisprudence out of whole cloth, jettisoning its own supposed commitment to strict construction.

Still, the legal world we live in is one forged over the past two decades by a conservative Rehnquist Court, and, in that light, it is important not to understate the importance of the Court's most recent decisions. *Lawrence* in particular is a stirring affirmation of both the equal dignity and worth of gays and lesbians, and of the right of all consenting adults to engage in private sexual conduct of their choice without state intervention. *Bowers* was the Dred Scott of the gay rights movement, subjecting an entire people to second-class status, and its overturning, in Justice Anthony Kennedy's ringing terms, will forever be seen as the turning point in constitutional gay rights jurisprudence. The Court is simply catching up to the rest of society on the issues of gay rights and sexual freedom, but its decision will nonetheless prove indispensable in the ongoing fight for full inclusion of gays and lesbians in the body politic.

But perhaps the most important point about this term is the crucial role played by Justices Sandra Day O'Connor and Kennedy. O'Connor was in the majority in all but two of the Court's fifteen 5-to-4 decisions this term, illustrating the inordinate power she wields. Kennedy was in the majority in seven of the 5-to-4 decisions. Together, they made this term a homage to Justice Lewis Powell, a moderate Southern conservative. In *Grutter*, O'Connor's vote transformed Justice Powell's approach, advanced twenty-five years ago in a lone opinion joined by no one, into the majority view of the Court. In *Lawrence*, Justices Kennedy and O'Connor both voted as Justice Powell would have were he on the Court today. (Powell voted with the majority in *Bowers* but admitted after resigning that it was the one vote he'd most like to change in fifteen years on the bench.)

The Powell parallel is telling for another reason. When Powell stepped down, the man President Reagan first chose to replace him was Robert Bork. Civil rights, women's rights and civil liberties groups protested that Bork's extreme right-wing views made him unacceptable. He maintained, among other things, that the Constitution should not even protect married couples' right to use contraception. In the end, President Reagan appointed Anthony Kennedy, who went on to cast a decisive vote, with O'Connor, to uphold *Roe v. Wade* in 1992 and to overturn *Bowers* this year. Conventional wisdom often laments the effect that Bork's defeat had on the process for selecting judges. But had Bork been confirmed, there would very likely have been nothing to celebrate this year. Keep that in mind when it's George W. Bush's turn to replace a sitting Justice.

DAVID COLE

David Cole (cole@law.georgetown.edu), Nation *legal affairs correspondent, is the author of* Enemy Aliens: Double Standards and Constitutional Freedoms in the War on Terrorism, *to be published in September by the New Press.*

Queer Cheer

The Supreme Court's sweeping June 26 ruling in *Lawrence v. Texas* came almost seventeen years to the day after one of the darkest moments in the history of the gay movement. The Court's 5-to-4 decision, in 1986, on *Bowers v. Hardwick* was so rife with homophobic invective—effectively naming sodomy as the criminal act that defines a criminal class of people—that it galvanized a generation of activists who saw reversing *Bowers* as the keystone of a gay rights agenda.

So it was with a righteous sense of historical justice that gay people took to the streets in pride parades to celebrate the Court's repudiation of *Bowers*. This decision was as much a movement victory as a legal one. Rather than making the narrow equal-protection argument that most expected, the Court issued a striking affirmation of gay people's citizenship, a wholesale rejection of *Bowers*, a confirmation of privacy rights as enumerated by reproductive rights law and, just as important, an elaboration of sexual rights under the Constitution that could protect sexual dissidents of all stripes. This far-reaching precedent was made possible by countless political struggles—feminism, gay liberation, the AIDS movement, queer activism—against discrimination and state encroachment on what Justice Anthony Kennedy called the "spatial and more transcendent dimensions" of personal liberty.

Now, the morning after, gay activists are salivating over the prospect of using *Lawrence* to overturn "don't ask, don't tell," endorse gay parental rights and sanction gay marriage. But if that's

NATION NOTES

"Diary of a Mad Law Professor" columnist Patricia J. Williams is on leave to work on a book. Her column will resume in September.

With this issue *The Nation* goes on its summer biweekly schedule. We'll return to weekly publication in late August.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

what *Lawrence* accomplishes, it will be an unnecessary abbreviation of its most radical possibilities.

The Court's decision in *Lawrence* did not just, as Paula Ettelbrick of the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission declared to the *New York Times*, "put gay people in the mainstream of society for the first time," endorsing them "almost as families, that [are] not seedy or marginal but very much a part of society." It went much further. It carved out a zone of sexual freedom from states' efforts to "define the meaning of the [sexual] relationship or to set its boundaries absent injury." Indeed, while the Court expressed reservation about recognizing gay marriage, it forcefully rejected morality as a basis for state regulation of sexuality. Citing *Planned Parenthood of Southeastern Pa. v. Casey*, Kennedy argued that despite the majority's "profound and deep convictions accepted as ethical and moral principles," the law's obligation is to "define the liberty of all, not to mandate its own moral code." As such, *Lawrence* ought to be read as protecting all consensual, private sexual relations, not just those that resemble heterosexual, procreative marriage but those that *are* "seedy or marginal."

Two aspects of Kennedy's opinion should embolden such an inclusive interpretation. First is his extensive citation of gay and lesbian scholarship that advances an anti-identitarian view of sexuality. Such writings hold that sexual identity is a relatively recent historical phenomenon of the past 100 years or so and places laws that target gays and lesbians, like the Texas "homosexual conduct" law, within a much longer history of attempts to regulate sex acts in general. Many of these laws—like those that prohibit masturbation, public lewdness, adultery and fornication—are still on the books and make no distinction between gay and straight offenders. It's against these laws that the precedent in *Lawrence* can be applied, which is what provoked Justice Antonin Scalia's hysterical dissent. Second, Kennedy invoked international sexual rights law, used by other countries and international courts to protect those most vulnerable to sexual regulation and coercion—most notably, sex workers and HIV-positive people whose private, consensual sexual relations are under widespread assault.

Of course, none of these sexual rights are guaranteed by *Lawrence* itself. Their realization will require diligent and visionary legal activism and political organizing. Scalia's dissent was right in one respect: There is indeed a "culture war" brewing over "social perceptions of sexual and other morality." And although some future skirmishes will undoubtedly be fought in the courts—already law-enforcement officials in Texas and Idaho have announced their intent to prosecute homosexual sex under a variety of other laws—let's not forget where this war's ground zero is. It's in bedrooms and in streets, in bars and parking lots. It's in these spaces, both private and public, that we find people diversely engaged in the pursuit of sexual liberation, something that *Lawrence*'s affirmation of sexual liberty protects, but does not, in and of itself, enact.

RICHARD KIM

Richard Kim, director of the Nation Institute's internship program, is a doctoral student at New York University.

CALVIN TRILLIN

A Summary of Justice Antonin Scalia's Dissent In *Lawrence v. Texas*

So what if it's private, in their hacienda?
It's sodomy still, and enough to offend a
Respectable man, and we must never lend a
Leg up to that vile homosexual agenda!

WMD: Who Knew What?

"Intelligence is an art, not a science," says Deputy Defense Secretary Wolfowitz. Secretary of State Powell observes, "There are always debates about intelligence subjects. You get information in, and there are debates." Gen. Richard Myers, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, informs us, "Intelligence doesn't necessarily mean something is true, it's just, it's intelligence, you know, it's your best estimate of the situation."

All these statements were uttered as senior government officials responded to questions about the MIA WMDs in Iraq. Such remarks are not inaccurate or misleading, because the intelligence business does often deal with fuzziness and frequently relies on informed guesswork. But they blatantly contradict what the Bush Administration was telling the American people before the war. Most (in)famously, George W. Bush, on March 17—two days before he began the war—declared, "Intelligence gathered by this and other governments leaves no doubt that the Iraq regime continues to possess and conceal some of the most lethal weapons ever devised." *No doubt*—his choice of words. These days his senior aides are saying, Well, you never know.

Defending themselves from the accusation that they misled the nation into war, these Bush officials now overstate the case in the opposite direction, for there *can* be firm intelligence (think photos of Soviet missiles in Cuba). But their unintentional confessions (that their prewar assertions about WMDs were unjustifiably unambiguous) provide further reason for Congressional investigation. There are two fundamental questions that deserve examination. First, what was the intelligence on WMDs in Iraq and the supposed Al Qaeda–Hussein tie Bush often cited? Second, did Bush and his aides accurately represent this intelligence in their on-to-war pronouncements? There are other matters that warrant probing: Did the White House pressure intelligence analysts to produce conclusions in sync with its policy? Did the Pentagon set up an intelligence shop to cook up unsubstantiated intelligence that supported the case for war?

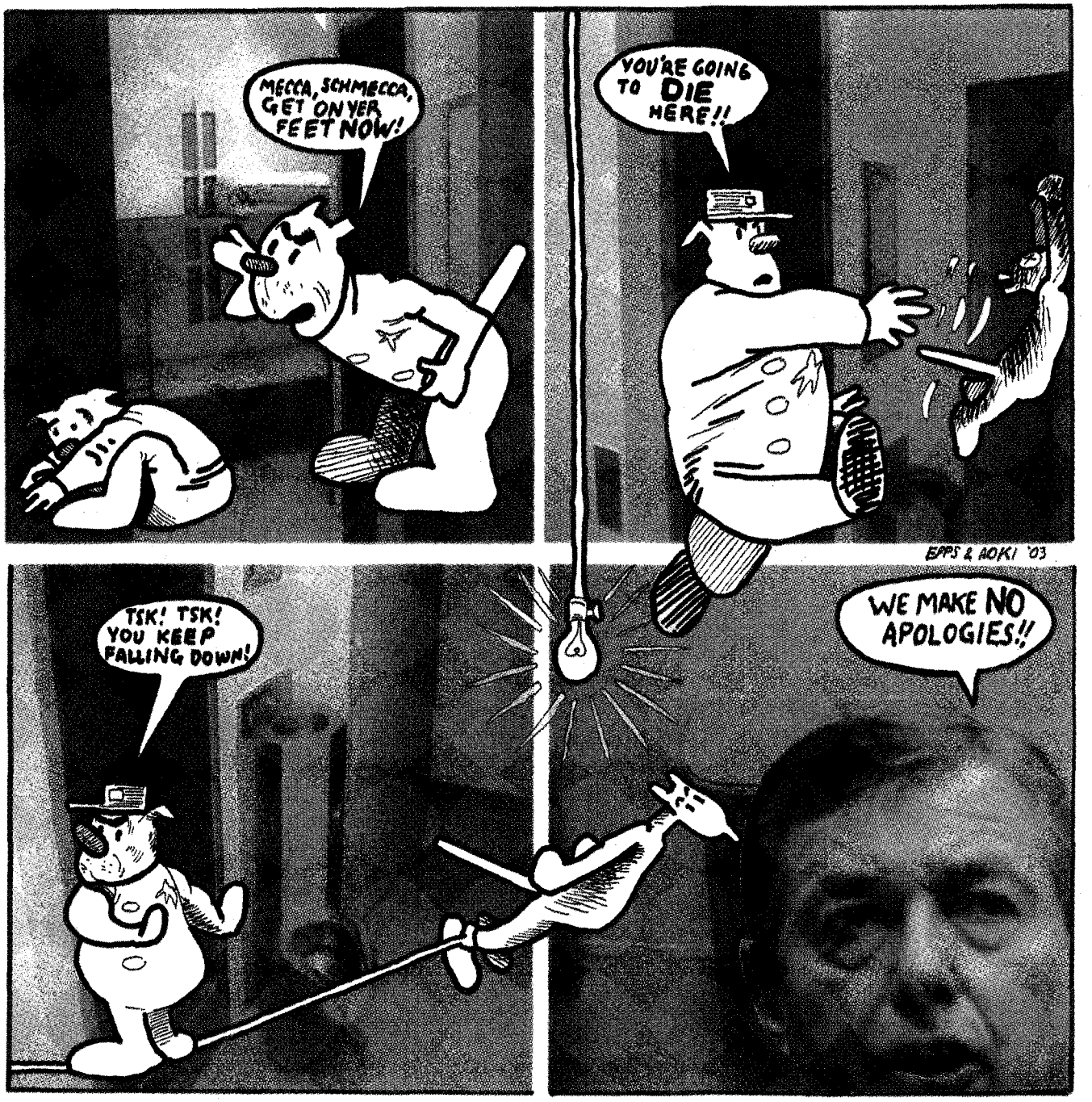
But the central matters are easy to dissect. Any seasoned investigator can examine the intelligence and the supporting material, assess the quality of the intelligence and then compare that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

". . . the evidence indicates a pattern of abuse . . ."

KEITH AOKI AND GARRETT EPPS



Post-9/11 detainees at the Metropolitan Detention Center in Brooklyn were held in lockdown twenty-three hours a day (an actual cell at MDC is pictured above). Detainees said that guards slammed them against walls, tripped them using their ankle chains, called them "Bin Laden Junior" and told them, "You're going to die here." Guards disrupted afternoon prayers for a "stand-up count." Guards would not let the detainees keep toilet paper or toothbrushes in their cells. The lights were kept on at all times, day and night.

Facts, photographs and quotation above picture from The September 11 Detainees: A Review of the Treatment of Aliens Held on Immigration Charges in Connection with the Investigation of the September 11 Attacks, *Office of the Inspector General, Justice Department (April 2003).*

Keith Aoki and Garrett Epps are professors of law at the University of Oregon. *Copyright Keith Aoki and Garrett Epps.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

intelligence with the Administration's public statements to determine whether those assertions match the intelligence.

This is not rocket science. Perhaps that's why Republicans on Capitol Hill have demonstrated little eagerness to conduct an extensive investigation in public view. Republican Pat Roberts, chairman of the Senate Intelligence Select Committee, has been hesitant to conduct a full-blown probe. Instead, he has initiated a behind-closed-doors "review." The House Intelligence Committee is also mounting what its Republican chairman, Porter Goss, calls a "review." That committee has been poring over nineteen volumes of prewar intelligence.

Though the WMD controversy has not yet become a political problem for Bush, the initial news from the Congressional "reviews" is not good for the White House. Jane Harman, the top Democrat on the House intelligence panel, recently referred on the House floor to the committee's preliminary findings. "When discussing Iraq's WMD," she said, "Administration officials rarely included the caveats and qualifiers attached to the intelligence community's judgment.... For many Americans, the Administration's certainty gave the impression that there was even stronger intelligence about Iraq's possession of, and intention to use, WMD." Harman—a California moderate who voted for the war and is no hothead—also noted that the committee's "investigation" indicates that the Administration's allegations of an operational relationship between Iraq and Al Qaeda were not supported by the intelligence. Her remarks, which received little media attention, were quite stunning. If they are an accurate reflection of the committee's work, they signal that there is compelling evidence that Bush dishonestly steered the country toward war.

Bush's prewar veracity demands scrutiny not only to insure accountability but because intelligence and presidential assertions about threats assume even more significance when a core strategic doctrine is pre-emption. Striking pre-emptively presumes that threats can be accurately foreseen and discerned. With Iraq, Bush claimed that they can be and they were. But the recent statements of his own aides—and the still-missing WMDs—undermine (to put it politely) his argument. And any President who asks for—or seizes—the prerogative to hit first must demonstrate trustworthiness. If Bush, as Harman noted, did create a false impression before the war, he has no right to ask Americans to permit him to make such a pre-emptive call again. When intelligence is debatable, it should be used to justify military action only by a President who honors and engages in honest debate. DAVID CORN

SADDAM MYSTERY SOLVED

Top intelligence experts now believe beret-fancying Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein died of complications from swallowing his mustache during a US missile attack on his Baghdad bunker in March, but has since been stuffed, mounted on wheels and trundled out by fanatic loyalist taxidermists for surprise morale-boosting appearances around the country. "This would account for those reported Saddam sightings in recent days," says a high-ranking US military officer, "while getting us off the hook for not having offed him."

That theory has now been largely discredited, however, by CIA analysts, who also claim that the pistol-packing nepotist is dead but attribute reports that he is still alive to a hologram projected in selected town and village squares on market day by fanatic loyalist scientists. "It's a win-win explanation," boasts one US official. "We escape ridicule for not having scragged Saddam, yet we don't have to deny that he's been seen around."

But cold water has just been dashed on both the taxidermy and the hologram theories. Senior US Special Forces operatives in Baghdad now lean toward the belief that the horse-faced tyrant is fully dead and that widespread Saddam sightings are manifestations of his ghostly spirit and not the man himself. "This means we got the bastard, all right," a spokesperson explains, "but as for what he does in the afterlife—hey, we can't be held responsible."

A statement by the Defense Department, just released, has suddenly rendered all three Saddam explanations inoperative. The DoD now claims, based on exhaustive analysis, that Saddam Hussein does not, and never did, exist but was only a clever piece of animation, offering as proof the fact that he has never been found. Defense Secretary Rumsfeld assures Americans that they can now forget all about finding Saddam Hussein, alive or dead, and concentrate instead on duct-taping their windows. BRUCE MCCALL

Bruce McCall is a writer and painter whose latest book, All Meat Looks Like South America, *will be published by Crown in the fall.*

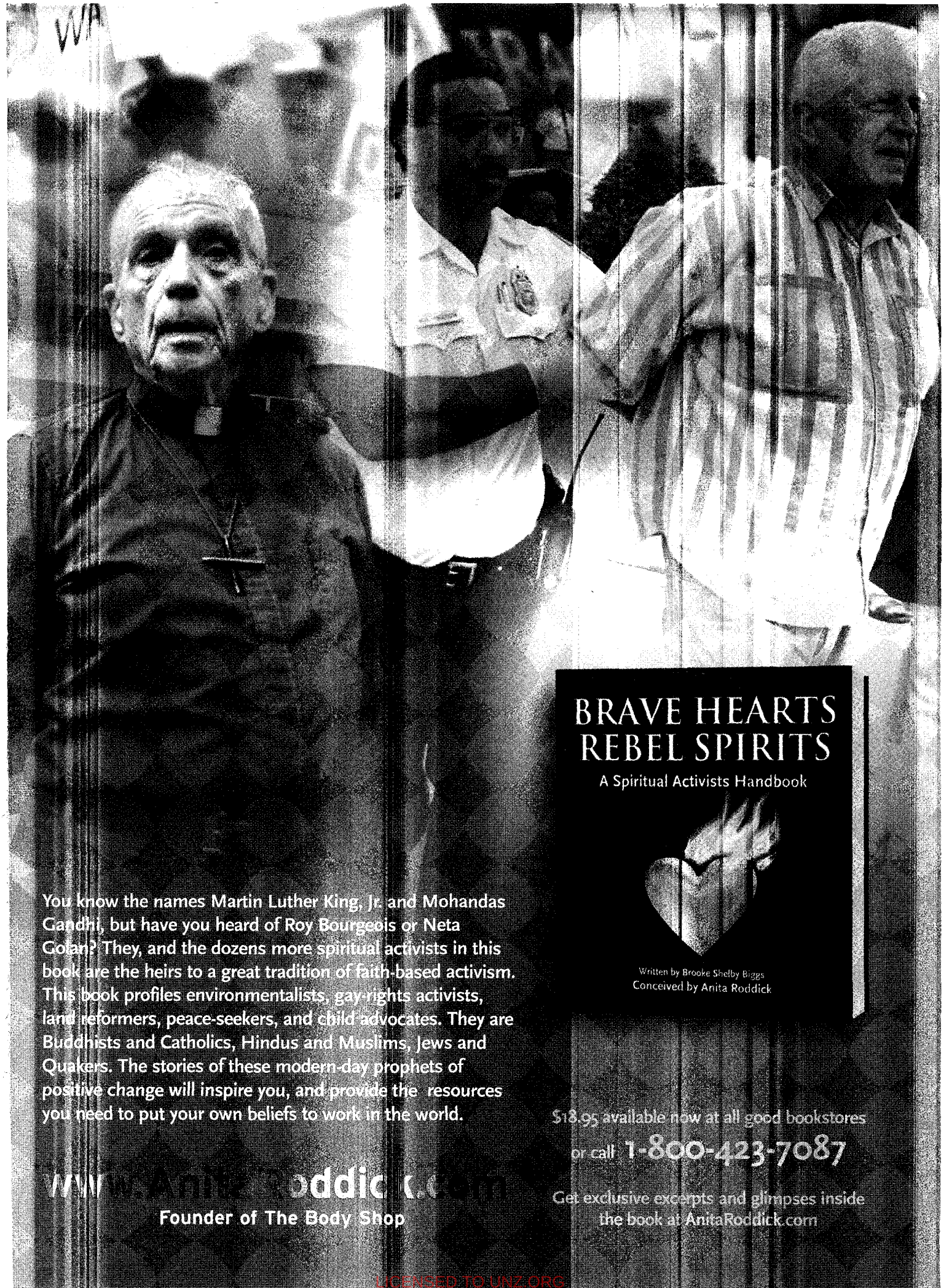
Early Returns

More people voted in the MoveOn.org PAC online presidential primary than are expected to participate in next January's Democratic caucuses in Iowa and the primary in New Hampshire. Former Vermont Governor Howard Dean won, with almost 44 percent of the 317,639 votes cast. Dean fell short of the 50 percent mark needed to win the MoveOn endorsement, but the attention boosted a fundraising push that collected an impressive $7.5 million during the quarter ending June 30. Another beneficiary was second-place finisher Dennis Kucinich, the Congressional Progressive Caucus co-chair, who won almost 24 percent. Kucinich, who is staking out turf to Dean's left on peace and economic justice issues, easily bested better-known contenders, including Senator John Kerry, who finished third.

But the biggest winner may have been MoveOn, which injected a level of excitement into the Democratic contest that had been missing. "Participation far exceeded our expectations," said Wes Boyd, the treasurer of MoveOn.org PAC. "Our most important objectives have already been met: early Democratic grassroots involvement, increased contributions and volunteer support for each campaign and mobilization of the Democratic base to defeat George Bush." JOHN NICHOLS

For more on the virtual vote, go to www.thenation.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BRAVE HEARTS REBEL SPIRITS

A Spiritual Activists Handbook

Written by Brooke Shelby Biggs
Conceived by Anita Roddick

You know the names Martin Luther King, Jr. and Mohandas Gandhi, but have you heard of Roy Bourgeois or Neta Golan? They, and the dozens more spiritual activists in this book are the heirs to a great tradition of faith-based activism. This book profiles environmentalists, gay-rights activists, land reformers, peace-seekers, and child advocates. They are Buddhists and Catholics, Hindus and Muslims, Jews and Quakers. The stories of these modern-day prophets of positive change will inspire you, and provide the resources you need to put your own beliefs to work in the world.

WWW.AnitaRoddick.com

Founder of The Body Shop

$18.95 available now at all good bookstores

or call 1-800-423-7087

Get exclusive excerpts and glimpses inside the book at AnitaRoddick.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

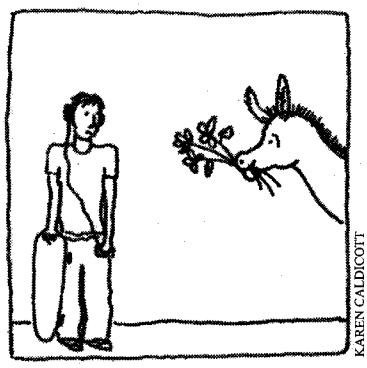
Dems—Why Not Woo the Young?

by Thomas Geoghegan

Since 1968 the Democrats have been shut out, more or less, as majority party. But with a small bump in left-of-center turnout, they'd be running the country. The dropoff in voting has been greatest among the young. This is the biggest what-if in American politics: What if the Democrats pitched an issue to the young?

For example, student loans. Declare an amnesty. Or let college grads off the hook if their incomes fall below a certain level. Or at least let them discharge the loan in bankruptcy.

But is there a single bill in Congress from any Democrat to this effect? No. Instead, the Democrats over and over pitch their issues to the elderly—only, in the last election, to see the old people, hardhearted, reject them again. Isn't it better to woo the young?



KAREN CALDICOTT

Yes, being middle-aged, I now scoff at the kids too. They don't vote. Or read the papers. Most of the time I think they're slugs. I see them on the El and not reading anything at all. Headphones, not for an album, but just a single song, over and over. That look in their eyes: no look. Just: click. Off. Prozac would be a wake-up call.

A very young person I know (he's 33), said to me, "You look at the '60s, the young people who were leaders then. National leaders. Changing history. Like Stokely Carmichael—he was, when you read about him, only, like, 24! Now I look around, at people even my age, and what are they doing? Nothing. Nothing at all!"

Now it's true, back in the 1960s, we dropped out too. But the way we dropped out is diddly squat to the way kids drop out now. Here's a comparison:

Turnout percentage, of all 21- to 24-year-olds:

1968	51
2000	35

What's shocking is that in 1968 kids were trying to sit out the election. Humphrey, Nixon—both were for the war. Since 1968, the numbers in college have shot up. But newspaper reading has dropped. (So are they more educated?) And voting is now—even in Bush-Gore, a cliffhanger—about a third.

In 1968 half the *kids* voted: Now that's the rate nationwide. In 2000, it was 35 percent of kids. So won't it, one day, also be 35 percent nationwide?

We Boomers love to say, "There are no issues now, like Vietnam, that directly affect the young!" Or, materially affect the young. But is that true? What strikes me about Vietnam is that, in a certain way, it did not affect many of us in a direct or material way. We weren't going to be drafted. We knew it. We protested for the sake of others. Or take civil rights. The kids who were on the freedom buses to the South in the early 1960s had no material stake in it at all. Kids turned out for precisely the issues that did not affect them materially.

By contrast, kids in college today have issues that do affect them materially. The average loan debt for a college student now is $30,000. Some have twice or three times as much. And the debt is going up. Colleges, with their now-deflated endowments, are cutting back. State governments are running deficits. Already, kids are turning away from the better schools. They go to junior colleges. Hope to transfer over. In other words, in terms of living the American dream, they have already begun, defensively, to scale back, go for less. Just ever so slightly mutilate their futures.

And where's the party of the left?

Chasing after old people. When Clinton offered tuition tax credits, he pitched it to the parents. We're afraid to say, out loud, directly to the kids:

College should be free. All of it. Harvard on down. In Germany a few months ago, the high court declared any tuition above cost in a German university to be unconstitutional. Sound socialist? But that's what our ancestors believed when they set up the public schools. Back then, even the founders more or less dropped out of college, so college didn't count the way it does today. But why shouldn't it be free?

At least one candidate, John Edwards, seems to get it. He says freshman year should be free. But Senator: If we want the kids *over* 18 to vote, shouldn't we make it senior year?

Or maybe just forgive the loans. Now my corporate buddies grump, "Hey, those kids get those loans on Very Good Terms!"

And one of the terms happens to be: an army of repo men, and repo women, to go after kids, like the Furies went after Orestes, if they fall behind in paying. On phones. Shouting. Pay up. It's all over America, the phones are ringing. No wonder kids have learned to go Click.

If kids start dropping out, or going to junior college, like the children of my clients, then all of us will be paying the debt that comes from that. We will pay in lost skills, lost productivity, lost engagement in the country's life. Click.

And meanwhile, the Democrats, always out of office by a whisker, go on chasing after the old. Even if they did run ads on MTV, they'd have nothing much to say. For that matter, where are the unions? If I were the AFL-CIO for a day, I'd send out organizers to every campus and organize for the Democrats around the issue of student loans.

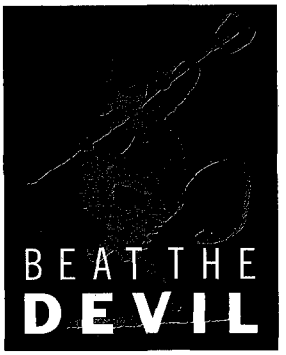
Maybe any attempt to court the young is doomed. But what if we Democrats dared, for one election, to talk directly to the kids? Not the elderly. Not the parents, who pay tuition. What if the young, being wooed, fell into our arms?

Thomas Geoghegan is a lawyer whose recent book is In America's Court *(New Press), out in paperback this summer.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

The Enemy Within



Snoozing guards at Los Alamos, missing vials of plutonium oxide... Yes, the headlines in late June were announcing "security lapses" again at national labs and nuclear weapons plants. It seems that an Al Qaeda terrorist could roll up to the gates of the Sandia National Laboratories, haul out an RPG and catch America napping yet again. Sounding all brisk and efficient, Energy Secretary Spencer Abraham acknowledged a recent critical report from the General Accounting Office and has taken standard evasive action, in the form of that whiskered veteran of bureaucratic ass-covering, the "security review." At Sandia, Dave Nokes, vice president for national security, was picked as the sacrificial goat and forced to resign.

The mess at Los Alamos has had its humorous side. Lillian Anaya, a Los Alamos equipment buyer, thought she was ordering $30,000 worth of transducers. But the number she called had been changed from an industrial equipment dealer to an auto parts shop, so she wound up buying a Mustang instead—with government money. Or so say Los Alamos and University of California investigators, who recently cleared Anaya of any wrongdoing (though I still don't quite understand why she got the Mustang).

Let's get back to the larger picture and the obvious question: Whom do they think they're kidding? To talk about terrorist opportunity offered by slack security just at Los Alamos and Livermore is like saying that hijackers would try to board planes only at Logan and Atlanta. There's scarcely a state in the union that hasn't got tanks or barrels of nuclear waste, or decommissioned reactors saturated with radioactive materials. Most Interstates carry trucks hauling mobile Chernobyls around the country.

We're talking sixty years of US nuclear weapons research, development, testing and production, which has left us with staggering amounts of some of the most dangerous substances on the planet. And that's not even to mention the nuclear utilities.

The "security" scene doesn't change rapidly when it comes to nuclear materials and waste. All you can do is try to store radioactivity safely and wait for the millennia to roll by until it naturally decays. But of course it's mostly stored in extremely unsafe and vulnerable conditions.

You live in Texas? There's the Pantex plant, producing nuclear weapons. In Colorado? You've got Rocky Flats. Flee to the clean breezes of the Pacific Northwest? Whoa! Here's the Hanford nuclear reservation, with 177 tanks, each containing a million gallons of radioactive waste, of which sixty-seven are known to have leaked at some point. How about Idaho? Camp in the hills, cheek by jowl with the militia holdouts. Sorry, you've got the National Engineering lab up the road, where intensely radioactive waste was converted to dry form for "permanent" storage nearly forty years ago but now has to be extracted and repackaged.

Head for the heartland, and you find the Fernald plant in Ohio, whose career history includes cumulative "release" of at least 500 tons of toxic uranium dust, kept secret for many years. Turn south into Kentucky, and there, across the horizon, is the Paducah Gaseous Diffusion Plant. Watch where you drink. A 1,300-acre underground plume of Technetium-99 (a uranium-decay product) is migrating toward the Ohio River at the rate of several inches a day. The DOE has identified more than 5,700 such plumes of various kinds of contamination under or near its sites across the country.

Go to the densely populated research triangle of North Carolina. Walk along the railroad tracks, and in the end you come to the Shearon Harris plant, a nuclear power generating station where they take spent fuel rods from two other nuclear plants, owned by Progress Energy, storing them in four densely packed pools filled with circulating cold water to keep the waste from heating up. They're the largest radioactive waste storage pools in the country.

Even the Department of Homeland Security acknowledges Shearon Harris as a ripe terror target. If your Al Qaeda operative found a way to interrupt the flow of cooling water, you'd have unstoppable pool fires and possibly a plant meltdown, with consequent peril for 2 million people residing in that part of the state. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission reckons that on a best-case basis there's a 1 in 100 chance of a pool fire. And needless to say, there have been scores of terrifying screw-ups at Shearon Harris.

Get the picture? Shearon Harris is a really dangerous place, and if you read all the security assessments and reports of past lapses, plus Tom Ridge's bleak warning, no doubt monitored by America's foes, you can see that—as with Hanford and all the other nuclear waste dumps—it wouldn't take much for a dedicated little crew of terrorists to inflict monstrous disaster, disaster that might well come anyway through native incompetence, without Al Qaeda having to lift a finger.

And don't forget, we're heading for a new phase in the itinerary to Armageddon. The DOE now proposes building a new plant to manufacture 450 plutonium "pits" (nuclear triggers) a year. Function? To arm the mini-nuke bunker-busters scheduled under the Bush Administration's new nuclear strategy. Los Alamos is bidding for it, as is Carlsbad, New Mexico; Savannah River in South Carolina; the Nevada Test Site; and Pantex.

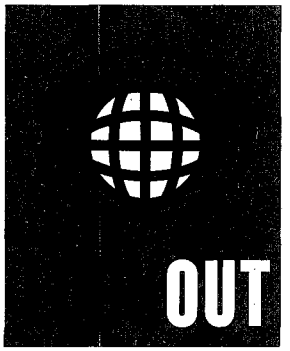
Since the government has been doing its best down the years to damp troublesome public discussion of these dangers, concerned citizens should take advantage of the current sensitivity to weapons of mass destruction, which places like Shearon Harris most certainly are. There are dedicated groups across the United States that have been active for decades on issues of nuclear safety, and have generated the information offered here.

Now that he's stepped down from his UN job, why not have a nonprofit foundation invite Hans Blix and a few other veteran inspectors to start touring the United States, assessing the risks posed by WMDs here? They could make well-publicized "surprise inspections," hold hearings, take evidence from local groups, issue public reports, build up pressure on the Department of Homeland Security to force the government to get serious about containing America's gravest and most deadly internal threat. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NAOMI KLEIN

Canada: Hippie Nation?



Canadians can't quite believe it: Suddenly, we're interesting.

After months of making the news only with our various communicable diseases—SARS, mad cow and West Nile—we're now getting world famous for our cutting-edge laws on gay marriage and legalized drugs. The Bush conservatives are repulsed by our depravity. My friends in New York and San Francisco have been quietly inquiring about applying for citizenship.

And Canadians have been eating it up, filling the newspapers with giddy articles about our independence. "You're not the boss of us, George," Jim Coyle wrote in the *Toronto Star*. "So much for nice; we're getting interesting," wrote conservative columnist William Thorsell in the *Globe and Mail*. Polls are showing that it's not just that Canadians are becoming more forward-looking and groovier, it's also that the United States is lurching backward, retrenching into more conservative values. According to Canada's summer bestseller, *Fire and Ice: The United States, Canada and the Myth of Converging Values*, by pollster Michael Adams, Americans between the ages of 18 and 29 are twice as likely to worry about crime, "moral decline" and ethnic conflict as their Canadian counterparts.

Four events have contributed to Canada's newfound status as Hippie Nation:

(1) The Liberal Party government of Prime Minister Jean Chrétien didn't support the US-British invasion of Iraq ("opposed" would be far too strong a word, since we maintained troops in the region).

(2) On May 27 the Chrétien government introduced legislation to decriminalize the possession of small amounts of marijuana. People caught with up to fifteen grams will get the equivalent of a parking ticket. US drug czar John Walters has promised to "respond to the threat."

(3) On June 17 the Chrétien government announced it would introduce legislation to legalize gay marriage. This will bring the entire country into compliance with a court ruling that has already made it legal in the province of Ontario. US gays and lesbians have been flooding into Toronto to get hitched.

(4) On June 24 the government announced the opening of the first "safe injection site" in North America in Vancouver, which averages 147 overdose deaths a year. The publicly funded facility will provide needle exchanges and health assistance to heroin addicts. Walters calls this one "state-sponsored personal suicide."

So, does all this peace, love and drugs really mean that the United States and its closest neighbor and ally are parting ways? Much as I'd love to report that I really do live in "Soviet Canuckistan" (as Pat Buchanan has taken to calling us), it's mostly hype.

When he was elected in 1993, Chrétien pledged to reopen the North American Free Trade Agreement and negotiate a better deal for Canada. He immediately broke the promise. Now, months away from the end of Chrétien's decade in office, Canadians are keenly aware of how much independence we have lost under the agreement.

Our economic dependence on the United States is staggering: Almost 40 percent of Canada's gross domestic product comes from exports to the United States. More troubling, particularly given the Bush Administration's unquenchable thirst for oil and gas, we have traded away our right to put Canadian energy needs before those of the United States. A little-known clause in NAFTA states that even in the event of a severe energy shortage, Canada cannot cut off its oil and gas exports to the United States—we can only reduce the flow south by the same rate as we reduce our own domestic consumption.

This dramatic ceding of power to the United States is Jean Chrétien's true legacy, which is why, in his final months in office, he's racing to be remembered as a principled man. But Chrétien's last-ditch attempts to declare Canada's independence—significant as they are—can't mask the fact that on trade and security, the Liberals are following Washington more obediently than ever.

We are pushing, with the Bush Administration, for NAFTA to be expanded into all of Latin America. Our government has made only tepid efforts to save Canadian citizens born in countries identified by the US government as "sponsors of terror" from being photographed, fingerprinted and otherwise humiliated when they enter the United States. Immigrants and refugees inside Canada suspected of having terrorist ties are being detained for long periods without charge, then tried in secret, with key evidence withheld from their attorneys. And to bring our policies further in line with the United States, Canada has also lifted its ban on deportations to Algeria, where returning refugees face serious dangers.

It seems there is no peace and love left for the most vulnerable sectors of our population.

There is another reason Chrétien's nose-thumbing at Washington should be regarded with skepticism. Every poll shows that when Chrétien steps down, he is going to be succeeded by his archrival, Paul Martin. By passing a bunch of laws that piss off the Bush Administration and then retiring, Chrétien wins on two fronts: He gets to be remembered as the man who rescued Canada's sovereignty, while Martin gets stuck dealing with the fallout. Watch for Martin, who represents the right of the Liberal Party and is the favorite of the business community, to do whatever it takes to get back into Bush's good books, even if it means overturning Chrétien's last-minute laws.

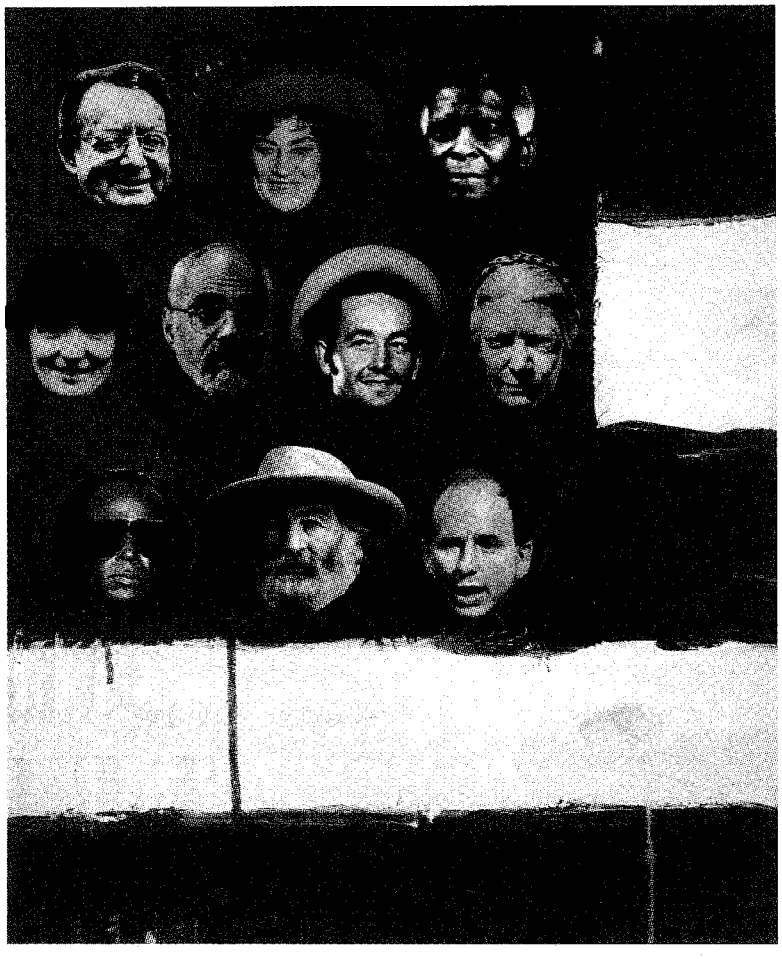
This much is predictable. The wild card is how the Canadian people will respond. Will we embrace obedience once again, or will we demand more of this whole independence thing? Well, so far there are no signs of retreat.

The Pentagon may be developing a high-tech form of "gaydar" to monitor the northern border, and John Walters may well be diverting funds from Colombia to launch "Plan Canuckistan." But we are not afraid. For a country that has been boring as long as we have, there may be something more addictive than sex and drugs: being interesting. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES

AMERICAN REBELS



INTRODUCTION by JACK NEWFIELD

During much of the 1960s I kept an anti-war poster on my wall with a quotation from Albert Camus that read, "I would like to be able to love my country, and justice too." The following essays, which will appear in book form later this year, attempt to locate and define a coherent American tradition consistent with Camus's words—reconciling authentic patriotism with original artistic creation, unpopular opinion and moral principles that don't change with the winds.

The subjects of the essays include rebels in politics, education, journalism, religion, literature, film, sports, music, law, popular culture and social struggle. They are rebels against conformity, commercialism, racism, oligarchy, conventional wisdom, stacked decks and sacred cows. They can be described as visionaries, revolutionaries, radicals, liberals, nonconformists, outsiders, insurgents, prophets, pathfinders. They don't fit under any one ideology or party. Most are too much the free spirit to be categorized. They are part of a continuum of conviction and creation in our tangled national history. But they are all distinctively American.

Some, like Walt Whitman, are famous. Others, like Benjamin Mays, are comparatively obscure—almost cult figures—revered by a small, intense following. Still others, like Margaret Sanger, have faded from memory and deserve a new shaft of sunlight. Most of them did not lead perfect lives—few humans do. They all did heroic things, even if they didn't always lead heroic lives. Some had lousy second or third acts in their lives. A few, however, are close to sainthood, including Dorothy Day and Bob Moses.

They all follow in a native tradition that stretches from Jefferson and Tom Paine, through Lincoln, Whitman and Thoreau, to the founders of the labor unions, to Eugene Debs, to the early blues singers, to Woody Guthrie and John Steinbeck, to Eleanor Roosevelt and Martin Luther King Jr.

This is the tradition of populist patriotism that I have felt a kinship with since the early 1960s. It is an attitude, and a value system, more than it is a party or a platform. It is an alloy of individualism, anti-authoritarianism, talent, egalitarianism, underdogism, multiculturalism, artistic freedom, fearless independence and affinity for the common man.

Some of my own defining experiences took place on those occasions where I felt most free to love justice and my country at the same time—when I planted myself in this rebel tradition. I still remember singing "We Shall Overcome" in Brown's Chapel in Selma, Alabama, in February of 1965. Martin Luther King was in the pulpit, his arms linked with Andrew Young and John Lewis. The rally was for the right to vote, which was soon to be secured by the Voting Rights Act of 1965, after thousands had gone to jail for nonviolent civil disobedience.

Jack Newfield is a senior fellow at the Nation Institute and the editor of the forthcoming anthology American Rebels *(Nation Books). He has just won the American Book Award for* The Full Rudy *(Nation Books).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I remember riding in an open car with Robert Kennedy as he campaigned for President through Watts and East LA. At each stop in the Mexican-American neighborhoods, a mariachi band greeted him with a Mexican-style "This Land Is Your Land," which was his campaign theme song. From the vantage point of the trunk of his car, I could see, with piercing clarity, the hope shining in the eyes of all these blacks and Latinos, who would give him 90 percent of their votes on the day he was shot.

Even during the pits of the 1960s, when I felt the most depressed and alienated by America's racism and military interventionism, I was still able to find aspects of America where I felt at home. Baseball, and later basketball, became my nationalism. I healed from the assassinations of King and RFK by listening to The Band, Carole King, Van Morrison and Aretha Franklin during the summer of 1968.

There was always an alternative America I could pledge allegiance to—the America of the Bill of Rights, sports, blues, jazz, art, unions, writers and social protest. This identification with part of our history and part of our culture kept me sane; I never became anti-American. I loved my country because it had produced Walt Whitman, Jackie Robinson, Muhammad Ali, Norman Mailer, RFK, Miles Davis, George McGovern, Willie Mays, Herman Melville, Bessie Smith, Sandy Koufax, Cesar Chavez, Janis Joplin, Larry Bird, Lenny Bruce, Sam Cooke, Fiorello LaGuardia, Walter Reuther, Roberto Clemente, Murray Kempton and, above all, Dr. King.

I was able to convince myself that they represented an alternative conception of this country, that they were just as legitimate and American as the burglars of the flag, whom I loathed: Nixon, Kissinger, George Wallace, Senator Bilbo, Henry Ford, John D. and Nelson Rockefeller, Henry Frick, General Custer, Richard Helms, Antonin Scalia, Jimmy Swaggart, Jerry Falwell, J. Edgar Hoover, Joe McCarthy and Spiro Agnew.

My America is Jimi Hendrix playing his solo, electric guitar version of the national anthem, to close the music festival at Woodstock. My America is Dr. King's "I Have a Dream" speech on that hot August afternoon in 1963, when he seemed to be secretly channeling Scripture, the Constitution and Abraham Lincoln. And he was preceded to the podium that day by Bob Dylan, Joan Baez and Mahalia Jackson, a Whitmanesque trifecta of table setters.

America is Bruce Springsteen singing "Youngstown" and "Philadelphia," with their echoes of Woody and Steinbeck. It is Dylan singing of answers blowing in the wind, and "Blind Willie McTell," and "Every Grain of Sand," and sounding a little like the ghost of Son House. It is Hank Williams singing (and writing) "I Saw the Light" and "Alone and Forsaken." And it is Robert Johnson singing (and writing) "Terraplane Blues" and "Love in Vain." Whenever I hear Dylan, Bruce, Johnson and Hank, I can hear America singing.

America is Studs Terkel talking about Chicago, Pete Hamill writing about New York, Faulkner writing about Mississippi, Ellison and Baldwin writing about Harlem. It is Jacob Riis and Walker Evans photographing the destitute, and Ansel Adams shooting the natural beauty of the American West. America is books by Rachel Carson, Jane Jacobs, Ralph Nader and Michael Harrington—all published between 1961 and 1965—that changed the national consciousness and consensus about the environment, cities, automobiles and poverty. We are a democracy that can be changed for the better by books and the free flow of information.

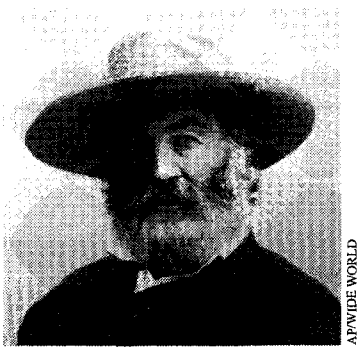
These essays, at bottom, are a celebration of history, standards, individualism and an alternative America. They are a hymn to the bravery of rebels past, present and hopefully future.

★ HE WAS A LIBERATOR OF PEOPLE AND CULTURE, USING A LIBERATED POETIC FORM.

Walt Whitman

RICHARD GAMBINO

In 1848, 29-year-old Walt Whitman was for three months a reporter for the *Daily Crescent* in New Orleans, writing fluff pieces about local color and charm as seen through Yankee eyes. But he also saw darker spectacles there—streetside auctions of slaves—and six years later put his emotions into ironic verse.



AP/WIDE WORLD

I help the auctioneer, the sloven does not half
know his business…
Have you ever loved the body of a woman?
Have you ever loved the body of a man?
Do you not see that these are exactly the same to
all in all nations
and times all over the earth?
If any thing is sacred the human body is sacred.

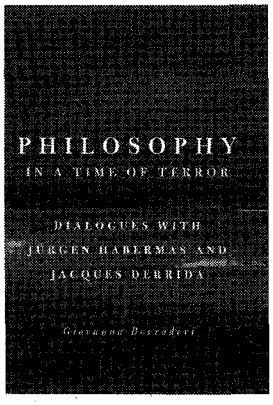
When he returned to New York, he became the editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Freeman*, the nation's foremost voice of the Free Soil movement, whose motto was, "Free soil, free labor, free men!" He continued his advocacy of the movement, because of which, just before going to New Orleans, he had been fired as editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. But intimacy with those in the movement had its effect. Whitman came to hate, on the one side, the abolitionists for their fanaticism, most of which went into infighting among themselves, and on the other, the hypocritical and corrupt men of the Democratic Party, all of them "born freedom sellers of the earth."

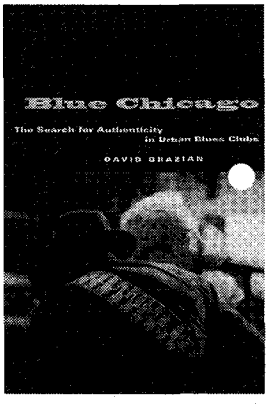
Richard Gambino's play about Walt Whitman, Camerado, *will be published in the fall of 2003 by Guernica Editions, together in one volume with another of his plays,* The Trial of Pius XII. *He is professor emeritus at Queens College, CUNY.*

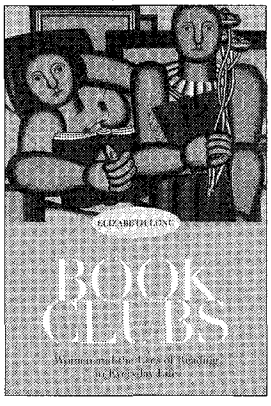
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

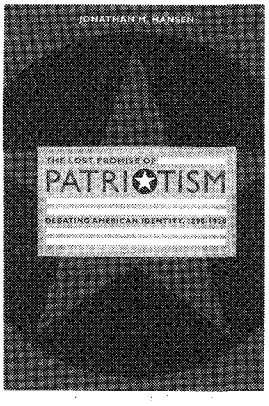
IT'S YOUR WORLD—
understand it.

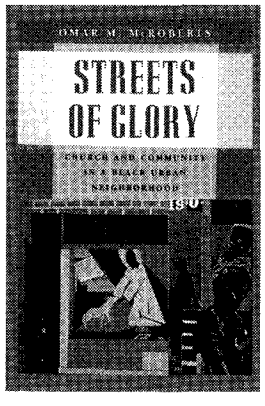
New from Chicago

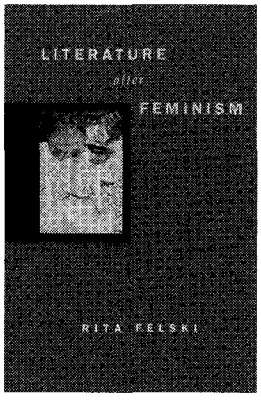












Philosophy in a Time of Terror
Dialogues with Jürgen Habermas and Jacques Derrida
Giovanna Borradori
Cloth $25.00

The Lost Promise of Patriotism
Debating American Identity, 1890–1920
Jonathan M. Hansen
Paper $19.00

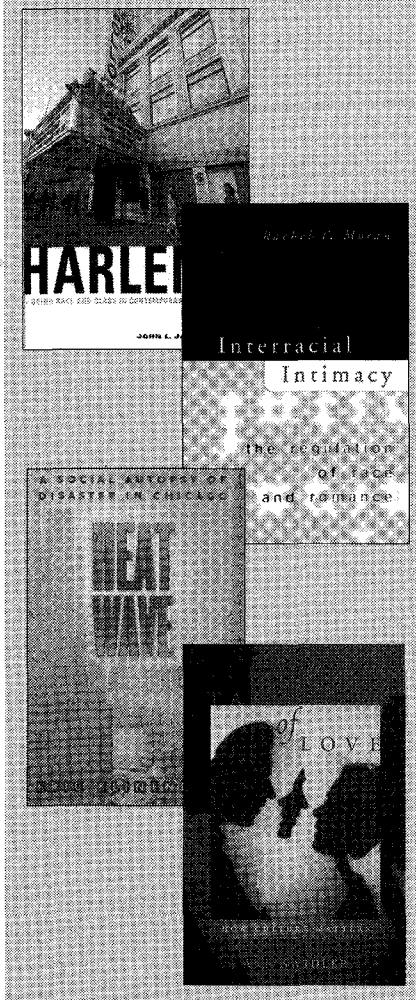
Blue Chicago
The Search for Authenticity in Urban Blues Clubs
David Grazian
Cloth $32.50

Streets of Glory
Church and Community in a Black Urban Neighborhood
Omar M. McRoberts
Cloth $25.00

Book Clubs
Women and the Uses of Reading in Everyday Life
Elizabeth Long
Paper $19.00

Literature after Feminism
Rita Felski
Paper $18.00

Available in bookstores.
The University of Chicago Press
www.press.uchicago.edu



NOW IN PAPER

Harlemworld
Doing Race and Class in Contemporary Black America
John L. Jackson
Paper $17.00

Heat Wave
A Social Autopsy of Disaster in Chicago
Eric Klinenberg
Paper $15.00

Interracial Intimacy
The Regulation of Race and Romance
Rachel F. Moran
Paper $18.00

Talk of Love
How Culture Matters
Ann Swidler
Paper $18.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He resigned from the *Freeman*, despondent. His faith rested in the sympathy of the human heart, which had failed.

> I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
> And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,
> And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,
> And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud.

Whitman's faith in democracy flowed from the same source. It was not a faith resting on constitutionalism, legalisms, political science schemes, natural law or laws of history. It was rooted in a belief in the best of the human souls of ordinary citizens, often dismissed as his "mysticism." But when he was answering the challenge of whether the soul exists, his response did not depend on abstractions or esoterica but on the perceived experience of personal and historical growth. "No reasoning, no proof has establish'd it,/Undeniable growth has establish'd it." His faith in democracy rested on a distinctly American populism of pragmatic human experience. So in a twentieth century obsessed with ideological convictions that politics, and especially economics, determine human behavior and history, he was brushed aside as a quaint American naïf whistling in the dark.

Another common error is to take Whitman's faith in free humanity as a bombastic pollyannaism, or softheaded narcissistic, mystical messianism. Yes, he tells us that as a boy he was electrified by hearing a sermon by Elias Hicks of the Quaker Church on Joralemon Street in Brooklyn. (Hicks's faith in the human spirit was so radical that even his fellow Quakers denounced him as a heretic.) Whitman was captured by the idea that "the fountain of all...truth...[is] namely in *yourself* and your inherent relations," and that in this, Hicks was "a brook of clear and cool and ever-healthy, ever-living water." But young Whitman, who'd been pulled out of school at age 11, developed his own pragmatic, experiential populism, so would not become a Quaker. "Logic and sermons never convince,/The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul." His mature populism was not of a Mary Sunshine kind.

★ ★ ★

Whitman's *Democratic Vistas* (1871) should be read by all Americans. It is a lengthy, scathing critique of American democracy's flaws at the time, and in ours—the flaws being the failings of its people and culture.

> I would alarm and caution...against the prevailing delusion that the establishment of free political institutions, and plentiful intellectual smartness, with general good order, physical plenty, industry &c., (desirable and precious advantages as they all are,) do, of themselves, determine and yield to our experiment of democracy the fruitage of success.... I say we had best look our times and lands searchingly in the face.... The spectacle is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. The men believe not in the women, nor the women in the men. A scornful superciliousness rules in literature.... The great cities reek with respectable as much as non-respectable robbery and scoundrelism. In fashionable life, flippancy, tepid amours, weak infidelism, small aims, or no aims at all, only to kill time.

Whitman's enduring lesson about American democracy: "O I see flashing that this America is only you and me." No better, no worse. "The genius of the United States is not best or most in its executives or legislatures, nor in its ambassadors or authors or colleges or churches or parlors, nor even in its newspapers or inventors...but always most in the common people."

Whitman's brand of populism mandated that he seek the liberation of people and culture, in a liberated poetic form. He did not invent free verse but embraced it and advanced it, against the ornamental, parade-ground regularities of meter and rhyme, which constrained his early poems to the point of banality.

> Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distill'd from poems pass away...
> America justifies itself, give it time, no disguise can deceive it or conceal from it, it is impassive enough.

In naturalism, freed from pie-in-the-sky otherworldliness:

> And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

In exquisite sensuality:

> Out of the rolling ocean...came a drop gently to me,
> whispering *I love you, before long I die,*
> *I have travl'd a long way merely to look on you to touch you.*

In sexuality:

> Without shame the man I like knows and avows the deliciousness of his sex,
> Without shame the woman I like knows and avows hers.

And in sexual orientation. Although he resisted admitting his homosexuality, even to absurdly claiming he had six illegitimate children, he did so to avoid, as with regard to all matters, being pigeonholed, and thus vulnerable to easy dismissal. But his "Calamus" poems are frankly homosexual, even celebratory in the sexual orientation (Calamus is a plant with a phalluslike head):

> O here I last saw him that tenderly loves me, and returns again never to separate from me,
> And this, O this shall henceforth be the token of comrades, this calamus-root shall,
> Interchange it youths with each other! let none render it back!

Whitman's sexual poems, like many others, were courageous. He was fired from a badly needed job as a clerk at the Interior Department in Washington by none less than the Secretary of the Interior himself. Secretary James Harlan stole Whitman's personal copy of *Leaves of Grass* from his desk, and noted, ironically, some of the heterosexual poems of the "Children of the Adam" section as "obscene."

> The female form approaching, I pensive, love-flesh tremulous aching...
> The face, the limbs, the index from head to foot, and what it arouses,
> The mystic deliria, the madness amorous, the utter abandonment.

Whitman's courage, and humor, extended to his last days. Wheelchair-bound, sleeping on a waterbed "like a ship or a duck" to relieve constant pain from multiple ailments, including bodywide TB and strokes, he described himself as "some hard-cased dilapidated grim ancient shellfish or time-bang'd conch (no legs, utterly non-locomotive) cast up high and dry on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the shore-sands." (Years before, after suffering a stroke that left him paralyzed except for his head and one arm, he had brought himself back to complete mobility through his own efforts, including wrestling with saplings in woods.) He struggled against pain and paralysis to complete a ninth edition of *Leaves*. And succeeded.

Whitman saw in the risky experiment of a free people possibilities for a great polity, culture and morality. Three years before his death, in 1888, when he was 69, he wrote that there had been in his life one "purpose enclosing all, and over and beneath":

> Ever since what might be call'd thought, or the budding of thought, fairly began in my youthful mind, I had had a desire to attempt some worthy record of that entire faith and acceptance... which is the foundation of moral America.

His challenge to us, again typically American, is that the faith is to be fulfilled with each person and generation in the future.

> Dear camerado! I confess I have urged you onward with me, and still urge you, without the least idea what is our destination, Or whether we shall be victorious, or utterly quell'd and defeated.

★ HE SAW WHAT OTHERS MISSED, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS OFTEN IN PLAIN SIGHT.

I.F. Stone

VICTOR NAVASKY

Sidney Hook, the Marxist philosopher-turned-neoconservative who once mistakenly listed I.F. Stone among those who had defended the Moscow purge trials, wrote a book called *The Hero in History*. In it he distinguished between eventful men (like the Dutch boy who put his finger in the dike), people who happened to be in the right place at the right time—and event-making men, the ones who make things happen.

To me, I.F. Stone, né Isadore Feinstein, known to his friends as Izzy, was an event-making man. He was event-making not because Izzy and his little newsletter, *I.F. Stone's Weekly* (later biweekly), were right about McCarthyism, right about the war in Vietnam (he was one of the first to raise questions about the authenticity of the Gulf of Tonkin incident), right about the Democrats' repeated failure to live up to their own principles, right about what he called, long before the US invasion of Iraq, the "Pax Americana." Writing in *The Nation* (which he served as Washington editor in the 1940s), he was prophetic about the Holocaust, which in 1942 he called "a murder of a people" "so appalling...that men would shudder at its horrors for centuries to come." He was even, by the way, prescient about the meltdown of the Soviet Union. In 1984, seven years before it happened, he told Andrew Patner, the young Chicago journalist who had the wit to debrief Izzy on tape, that "all these dictatorships look so goddamned powerful. [But I think] one day they [will] just collapse. They're rigid, and rigid structures crack."

It's the way he was right, the way he lived his life, the way he did his journalism that magnified his influence, made him something of a role model for the most idealistic of the next generation. This college dropout who couldn't see without his Coke-bottle glasses, and who couldn't hear without his hearing aid (which he turned on and off strategically), was something of a pariah among his peers in 1953, the nadir of McCarthyism, when he founded *I.F. Stone's Weekly*. His name was on a Senate Internal Security Subcommittee list of the eighty-two "most active and typical sponsors of Communist-front organizations" (which in Izzy's case meant mainly popular front, antifascist organizations or civil liberties groups upholding the Bill of Rights against those who would undermine it in the name of combating a phantom domestic Red Menace).

When Izzy founded the weekly, with the help of a $3,000 loan from a friend and a 5,300-name subscription list inherited from the defunct *PM* and its successor progressive papers, also defunct, he was unemployed and some thought unemployable, including by *The Nation*. (Freda Kirchwey, *The Nation*'s editor, who had fired him as Washington editor when he didn't notify her that he had signed on with *PM* to become the first journalist to travel with the Jewish underground to the Holy Land, was reluctant to re-employ him.)

But in short order, although he never attended presidential press conferences, cultivated no highly placed inside sources and declined to attend off-the-record briefings, time and again he scooped the most powerful press corps in the world.

His method: To scour and devour public documents, bury himself in *The Congressional Record*, study obscure Congressional committee hearings, debates and reports, all the time prospecting for news nuggets (which would appear as boxed paragraphs in his paper), contradictions in the official line, examples of bureaucratic and political mendacity, documentation of incursions on civil rights and liberties. He lived in the public domain. It was his habitat of necessity, because use of government sources to document his findings was also a stratagem. Who would have believed this cantankerous-if-whimsical Marxist without all the documentation?

And as he gleefully explained to a group of Swarthmore students in 1954 (I know, because I was one of them), if you didn't attend background briefings you weren't bound by the ground rules; you could debrief correspondents who did, check out what

---

Victor Navasky, publisher and editorial director of The Nation, *is the author of* Naming Names, *recently republished with a new afterword by Hill & Wang.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they had been told, and as often as not reveal the lies for what they were.

Despite his poor eyesight, Izzy saw what others missed, even though it was often in plain sight. Partly it was a matter of perspective. Izzy was always looking for evidence of the great forces and trends that shaped our history—"the fundamental struggles, the interests, the classes, the items that become facts." And he was not merely a Marxist; he wanted to synthesize Marx and Jefferson. How many Jeffersonian Marxists, after all, had penetrated the periodical galleries of the House and Senate? Izzy, by the way, had to sue to get his press card.

But Izzy also got and made news by reading the dailies, the wire services and such, and then following up where others had not thought to tread. He once told David Halberstam that the *Washington Post* was an exciting paper to read "because you never know on what page you would find a page-one story."

LOOKING FOR EVIDENCE OF THE FORCES AND TRENDS THAT SHAPED OUR HISTORY, HE WANTED TO SYNTHESIZE MARX AND JEFFERSON.

One of his favorite scoops, he told a conference of investigative journalists in Amsterdam, of which more below, had to do with our capacity to monitor underground nuclear tests. It happened in the fall of 1957, when he spotted a "shirt tail" in the *New York Times*. A shirt tail, Izzy explained to the foreign journalists, is usually some wire-service information run as a little paragraph hanging down ("like a shirt tail") at the end of the main story.

The main story, about the first underground nuclear tests in Nevada, had quoted experts forecasting that they would not be detectable 200 miles away. The distance was important, because at that time test-ban negotiations between the United States and the USSR were under way, and Dr. Edward Teller, whom Izzy regarded as a Strangelovian mischief maker, was raising questions about whether a test ban could be enforced. If the tests were in the atmosphere or underground, could they really be detected? Teller asked. When he got home, Izzy noticed that the city edition of the *Times* had a shirt tail from Toronto saying that underground tests had been detected there. He went downtown to get the late city edition and saw more shirt tails from Rome and Tokyo saying the same thing, so he clipped them and squirreled them away in his files. By the time the Atomic Energy Commission put out its report the following spring, saying that the tests hadn't been detected more than 200 miles away, Eisenhower's disarmament negotiators had gotten the Soviet Union to agree to monitoring posts every 1,000 kilometers (620 miles). Izzy jumped into his car and drove down to the seismology branch of the Commerce Department's Coastal and Geodetic Survey, who were happy to see and cooperate with a reporter since, other than during earthquakes, the press ignored their work. There he learned that we had listening posts as far away as Fairbanks, Alaska—2,600 miles from the Nevada test site—that had picked up the tests. Why do you want this information? they asked. He told them. They called the AEC. The AEC called Izzy, and after listening to what he had to say, changed their press release.

Izzy clearly got as much pleasure telling the story of how he got the story as he did getting the story in the first place. And that's another thing to admire about him. Izzy lived a life against the grain, but he believed in having a good time, leading the good life. When we invited him to speak at Swarthmore in the 1950s, he agreed to come, but requested a club-car ticket. At the time, this seemed like an extravagance and out of keeping with my image of Izzy as radical conscience of his cohort. But as he once put it, "I have so much fun I ought to be arrested."

It wasn't until the 1980s when *The Nation*, along with the Dutch weekly *Vrej Nederlander*, invited Izzy to keynote an international conference of investigative journalists (who better to attract idealistic, progressive, investigative reporters from all over than the by-now-famous one-man band, I.F. Stone?), that I came to fully appreciate the significance of his lifestyle.

When I called to ask Izzy if he would be available, he said not only did it sound like a valuable event but he had a sentimental reason for being interested. He and his wife, Esther, had taken their honeymoon in Amsterdam many years ago.

And when our publisher, Hamilton Fish, made a follow-up call to pin Izzy's participation down, and Izzy responded, "We'd love to do it," Hamilton, correctly concerned about matters budgetary, stuck his head into my office and asked, "Who is this 'we'?"

I explained that Izzy prefers not to travel without Esther, don't worry about it. Izzy's presence would guarantee the success and gravitas of our conference.

As it turned out, not only was Izzy ready to join us, but he made it clear that he understood no fee would be involved—a good thing, since, as Ham had unnecessarily pointed out, we had no fee in our tight budget.

In fact, our budget was so tight that we had arranged with a nonscheduled airline for budget round-trip tickets, at $400 per person, and at the other end our friends at *Vrej Nederlander* had negotiated a group rate at a modest hotel on the outskirts of town (we would commute to the conference center by a chartered bus that had agreed to give us its lowest rate).

A couple of days later Ham stuck his head into my office again to say we might have a problem. Izzy had called and explained that over the years he and Esther "have found that it's too much of a strain to fly going east, so we take the boat," and it seemed the boat they always took was the Queen Elizabeth II. Once again I started to tell Ham not to worry when he interrupted to tell me, "Izzy has already told me that. And he put me in touch with a travel agent in Jacksonville, Florida, who he says always takes care of them. In fact, he even knew which cabin they favored."

So when, the next day, Ham appeared with some new news, I said, "Don't tell me," but he did.

Apparently, when Ham called to tell Izzy that the QE II was going to dock in England a few days prior to the conference, he couldn't have been more pleased. "At our age," he explained, "we need a couple of days to get our land legs, and we have this little hotel in London which makes a nice base."

So Ham was not surprised when, a few days later, his phone rang again. "You know, Hamilton," Izzy confided, "I'm a romantic," and he proceeded to explain that on their honeymoon they had stayed "at a small *pen-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sione on the canal that ran through the center of town, not very expensive, and if you could just locate that...," and we did.

It was more of a joke than a problem when Izzy called again to tell us that by happy coincidence one of his children, her family and her in-laws were going to be in Europe at the same time and if they could stay in the cottage by the canal...

★ Also, Izzy had an idea. There was a famous cathedral
★ in Amsterdam that operated as a sort of agora, a public forum. If we could arrange for Izzy to speak (he had done
★ this many years ago and seemed to have something of a following in Amsterdam), he would be pleased to donate his fee to help defray the costs of the conference.

In the end close to a thousand Dutch men and women showed up to hear Izzy speak, and forty activist-journalists from all over Europe came to the conference. From the opening session Izzy peppered journalists with questions, and shared observations and anecdotes from the audience. His own keynote was truly inspirational, and the conference led to follow-up conferences in London and Moscow attended by hundreds of investigative reporters, activists and scholarly resource people. At a farewell session at a local bar we consumed caviar and vodka, and he raised a toast: "Comes the revolution, we will all live like this."

IT WAS PART OF IZZY'S CHARM THAT HE NEVER ACCEPTED THE IDEA THAT IN ORDER TO BE A HERETIC IT WAS NECESSARY TO BE A MONK.

It was, then, part of Izzy's charm that he never accepted the idea that in order to be a heretic, a maverick, a solo practitioner, it was necessary to be a martyr or a monk. As Peter Osnos, who had worked briefly for Izzy at the start of his own distinguished journalistic and publishing career, pointed out, it was not only on *The Nation*'s ticket that he danced his way across the Atlantic. He and Esther used to go out dancing twice a week. More significantly, his insistence on his perks had less to do with hedonism than a sense of dignity, of self-confidence, of earned entitlement. He wasn't about to allow a priggish journalistic establishment to marginalize him. He once said, "You may just think I am a red Jew son-of-a-bitch, but I'm keeping Thomas Jefferson alive." He embodied the romantic idea of one man pitted against the system.

Who else but a romantic college dropout would have thought to teach himself ancient Greek in his 60s in order to write a history of human freedom, "because Athens was where it all began"? His quirky revisionist history of Socrates became an unlikely bestseller, but his commitment to freedom of thought remained his constant companion. Once when *The Nation* ran an editorial condemning some act of speech suppression by the Sandinistas, Izzy called to cheer us on, as if to say he had learned the hard way not to treat socialist sins more sympathetically than capitalist ones. He was calling to give us his blessing but also his legitimacy.

One night in the mid-1980s, after dinner in New York, I was walking Izzy back to his hotel, the Tudor, where he liked to stay when in town.

Izzy said he had an idea he thought might be appropriate to his energy level.

He would write a weekly paragraph, maybe 150 words, under the heading "Izzy Says." He said every week he had at least one thing to say. We contacted the great caricaturist David Levine, who provided the perfect logo: Izzy holding a life-size pen the way a medieval warrior might carry his spear.

And sure enough, the next week Izzy sent in a 150-word item on the Reagan Defense Department. A few hours later, though, he called again. It seemed the story was bigger than he thought. He had gone down to the press building and read the wire reports. He had another 200 words.

Our production person remade the page, and here we were on press day when Izzy called again. "I think we have something of a scoop," he chirped, and proceeded to dictate his "final" adds.

Over the next few weeks *Nation* readers were treated to a number of "Izzy Says" items, at least one "Stonegram" and a few "I.F. Stone Reports." And the young staff, increasingly impatient with Izzy's cheerful but deadline-oblivious modus operandi, looked skeptical when told how grateful they would be in some distant future for having had the privilege of working with this legendary maverick.

And then one day Izzy called apologetically to say he had better stop. "I'm an old war horse," he said, "and once I get started I can't stop. I have to go downtown and read the wires. I have to follow up. Let's go back to the old system, and I'll just do occasional pieces as they occur." And he did.

A few weeks before he died Izzy called—as I expect he called many of his friends—just to say how much "I have appreciated your friendship."

Even after he died, they still didn't quite know how to handle him. In a classic example of the sort of on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand journalism against which I.F. Stone fought all his life, the lead paragraph of his obituary in the *New York Times* neatly balanced his "admirers" against his "critics."

Although in the course of its nineteen years the weekly's circulation rose from a few thousand to 70,000 at his death, someone still called it "a fleabite of a journal."

So what did it matter that Izzy was an event-making man if the event was a fleabite? Andy Kopkind, the gifted radical journalist, who took inspiration from Izzy, had answered the question some years before when he wrote of the weekly that it "organized the consciousness of its readers somewhat in the way a community action group organizes a neighborhood: for awareness, understanding, action." In other words, it mobilized and nourished a community of resistance.

It also inspired a generation of would-be Izzy Stones. Whether Alexander Cockburn's *CounterPunch* or Jim Hightower's *Lowdown* or Tris Coffin's (later Ben Franklin's) *Washington Spectator*, or even many of the latter-day so-called bloggers, they all were inspired by Izzy!

And by the time he passed on his newsletter to *The New York Review of Books*, for which he had written a series of highly influential early anti–Vietnam War pieces, this man of the Old Left had become a moral exemplar for such early New Lefties as Paul Booth, Dick Flacks, Todd Gitlin and Tom Hayden. Izzy was "a spiritual eminence on early SDS," is the way Gitlin put it.

After he died, some latter-day cold warriors tried unsuccess-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully and preposterously to frame him—based on some newly released cables from Soviet spymasters to their American confederates—as a Soviet agent. The charges were quickly discredited. But the long-run answer to such nonsense may be found in his Who's Who entry. Others take the occasion to list their worldly accomplishments. Izzy chose to print his credo: "To write the truth as I see it; to defend the weak against the strong; to fight for justice; and to seek, as best I can, to bring healing perspectives to bear on the terrible hates and fears of mankind, in the hope of someday bringing about one world, in which men will enjoy the differences of the human garden instead of killing each other over them."

★ SHE COULDN'T TYPE. WHAT SHE COULD DO WAS BEAT THE BOYS ON THEIR OWN TURF.

Bella Abzug

PATRICIA BOSWORTH

"I've been described as a tough noisy woman—a prizefighter—a man-hater… a Jewish mother with more complaints than Portnoy. There are those who say I'm impatient, impetuous, uppity, rude, profane, brash, and overbearing. Whether I'm any of these things or all of them you can decide for yourself. But whatever I am—and this ought to be made very clear—I am a very serious woman."

AP/WIDE WORLD

Bella Abzug said that about herself in her memoir, *Bella!*, which was published in 1972, not long after she'd been elected to represent the 19th Congressional District on the West Side of Manhattan. She was the first woman elected to Congress on a women's rights/peace platform. Her slogan: "This woman's place is in the house…the House of Representatives!"

She was already instantly recognizable to the public thanks to her large, colorful hats and a voice Norman Mailer said that "could boil the fat off a taxicab driver's neck."

I interviewed her right after she was elected. I was a young journalist at *McCall's*, caught up like most working women my age (I was 27) in the excitement of the women's movement, and Bella was my heroine. She seemed part of every skirmish and every standoff in our struggle for equality. Plus, she was not only a celebrated feminist, antiwar activist, reform Democrat and lawyer—she was a wife and mother of two girls. How did she do it all? That's what I wanted to write about.

We met at her headquarters in Greenwich Village—an office right next to the Lion's Head bar. The place was staffed mainly by female volunteers, some of whom had brought their squalling babies. For a while, Bella and I talked about the importance of women's networks and then about how women define power. "Sure we define it differently from men," she told me. "We define power as the ability to use our gifts—our creativity. Our power—women's power—is about being able to control our lives." Finally we got around to how she was able to juggle so many roles—wife-mother, lawyer-activist—successfully. "For starters you gotta marry a man like my husband, Martin Abzug. That's my secret," she grinned.

Martin Abzug was a woman's dream. The two had met on the way to a Yehudi Menuhin concert in 1944. Martin wanted romance. Bella wanted to be a lawyer. She was then on scholarship at Columbia Law School, where she already had a reputation for being forceful and brilliant; she was an editor of the *Law Review*. Martin would meet her at midnight at the Columbia Law Library. When she began to practice law, representing union workers, Martin would type her briefs for her. (She couldn't type.) He promised her she could always keep working even after they had children (that had been her major hesitation about marriage), and she did continue practicing law after their two daughters were born. Meanwhile, Martin was a stockbroker and wrote two novels. He wasn't interested in politics but he supported Bella in all her aspirations. He adored her. And she adored him. They were married for forty-two years.

Bella served in the House from 1971 to 1977, and she was a huge galvanizing force in Washington. Working an eighteen-hour day, she was scrupulously prepared on all the issues. She became an expert in parliamentary law—cutting through red tape and also tangling red tape up to suit her purposes. She knew how to strategize—she could sniff out opponents' agendas—and she understood the complexities of leadership, the importance of forging alliances. She kept a journal of what it was like to be a freewheeling woman of New York confronting the genteel Southern male establishment that ruled Congress at the time. She would write, "I spend all day figuring out how to beat the machine and knock the crap out of the power structure," and in another entry she wrote, "I'm not being facetious when I say the real enemies in this country are the Pentagon and its pals in big business."

Vehemently opposed to the war in Vietnam, she was the first member of Congress to call for Nixon's impeachment—and she was an early supporter of the Equal Rights Amendment. She initiated the Congressional caucus on women's issues and helped organize the Women's Political Caucus; she was the chief strategist for the Democratic Women's Committee, which achieved equal representation for all elective and appointive posts, including presidential conventions. She introduced pioneering bills on childcare, family planning and

Patricia Bosworth, a contributing editor of Vanity Fair, *is completing a biography of the actress/activist Jane Fonda.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abortion rights. In 1975 she introduced a bill in support of gay and lesbian rights.

"She was absolutely indefatigable," said her former assistant Esther Newberg. "Yes, she was difficult to work with and yes she yelled and got angry a lot but it was because she cared so deeply about what she wanted to accomplish."

She would always credit her parents—Jewish immigrants from Russia—for encouraging her to be a forceful, dynamic, opinionated person. She was born Bella Savitzky on July 24, 1920, in the Bronx; her mother thought she could be President. Her father, Emanuel (whom Bella described as "this humanist butcher"), ran the Live and Let Live meat market on Ninth Avenue, in Hell's Kitchen. By the time she was 8, Bella excelled in her ability to read Hebrew—she was one of the best students in the Torah school she attended. She was also a graceful swimmer ("like a dolphin" someone said), a card player and a talented musician—she sang and played violin. At 11 she joined a left-wing labor Zionist group at her school and got caught up in politics raising money and making speeches for a Jewish homeland, arguing about the importance of peace and justice.

AFTER TWO CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS VOTED AGAINST HER RESOLUTION TO END THE VIETNAM WAR, AN ANGRY ABZUG BARKED, 'FUCK YOU!'

When she was 13 her father died, and that's when she made a crucial choice. Forbidden by religious tradition from saying Kaddish for her father in synagogue, Bella did it anyway. For an entire year, every morning before she went to school she'd march into synagogue and *daven*. People were shocked, but they didn't stop her. She did what she believed she had to do for her father, who'd never had a son. "I made that choice," she said, and it was a lesson she never forgot. Always be true to your heart. People may not like it, but no one will stop you. It became her philosophy.

She always remained impatient with the demands of conforming to a restricting feminine ideal. She refused to mask her strengths with wiles, abhorring the double standard applied to powerful, larger-than-life women, who were invariably penalized for being ambitious or outspoken whereas powerful, larger-than-life men were invariably admired and praised. So Bella was often disruptive when she was expected to be deferential. As when she barked "Fuck you!" to Carl Albert and Hale Boggs after they voted no to her resolution to end the Vietnam War. As when she was invited to the White House and in the receiving line informed President Nixon that her constituents wanted him to stop bombing.

As the chair of the subcommittee on government information and individual rights, Bella co-wrote three crucial pieces of legislation: the Freedom of Information Act, the government "Sunshine law" (which required government bodies to meet publicly) and the Right to Privacy Act. She was "one of the most exciting, enlightened legislators that ever served in the Congress," said Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel. By 1977 the Gallup Poll had named Bella one of the twenty most influential women in the world.

In the following years I kept in touch with Bella. We'd bump into each other at rallies and marches. I was part of a large contingent of journalists who helped her celebrate her 57th birthday at Studio 54. I reviewed her fine book *Gender Gap*, which she wrote with Mim Kelber in 1984. In it she very succinctly explains how women can achieve political power in America—through coalition-building and bringing a sense of female values to the political process.

After she left Congress she tried to run for mayor of New York but lost to Ed Koch in the primary. Her last campaign was in 1986, for a House seat in Westchester. She lost. It was during this campaign that Martin died. Bella never recovered. "I haven't been quite the same," she admitted to me once over the phone. Even so, she fought her depression and later cancer, and she worked tirelessly to fulfill a vision of an international women's movement. The result was WEDO (Women's Environment and Development Organization). In November 1991 WEDO convened the World Women's Congress for a Healthy Planet in Miami. Fifteen hundred women from eighty-three nations came together to produce the *Women's Action Agenda 21*.

The last time I saw Bella was in 1995, just before she left for China for the Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing. I wanted her to do an oral history so her entire amazing political journey could be recorded. I wanted to hear her talk about founding Women Strike for Peace with Cora Weiss, and how they lobbied for nuclear disarmament. I wanted to hear her describe in depth one of her early landmark cases, in the 1950s—when she represented Willie McGee, a black Mississippian who had been convicted of raping a white woman and was sentenced to death. (She argued the case in Mississippi when she was eight months pregnant; white supremacists threatened her and refused to allow her to stay in a hotel, so she slept in the bus station.)

But Bella had no interest in an oral history about her career. She was too caught up in the present and in WEDO. "We're gonna have 35,000 members of nongovernmental organizations covering this conference," she enthused. "Our Plan of Action is earmarked for the twenty-first century—we're gonna stop poverty and crush corporate greed and stomp on defense spending...women are being mobilized like crazy all over the world."

Suddenly she looked at me with narrowed eyes. "Didn't you once ask me about networking?" I was amazed she could remember something from thirty years earlier. I admitted I had, and then she burst forth with how important international networking was for women, an international network of women working all over the world for peace, justice, health and human rights—a "global sisterhood," she called it.

Bella Abzug died after heart surgery in 1998. She was 77 years old. When I read her obituary I discovered that former President Bush had paid a private visit to China that coincided with the Beijing conference. During his stay Bush commented to a group of food executives, "I feel somewhat sorry for the Chinese—having Bella Abzug running around. Bella Abzug is the one who has always represented the extremes of the women's movement."

When told of Bush's remark, Bella snorted. "He was addressing a fertilizer group? That's appropriate."

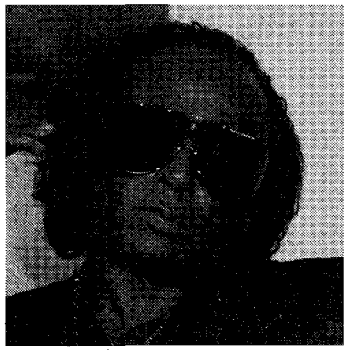
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★ HE WAS A HERO DESCENDING, NEVER FLINCHING FROM THE EXPERIENCE.

Miles Davis

LUCIUS SHEPARD

Most of what we know about the life of Miles Davis is either anecdotal or a matter of official record, and thus not absolutely reliable; but by all accounts, most pertinently his own, Miles Davis was a bad man. *Live-Evil. Bitches Brew. Dark Magus. Sorcerer. Black Devil.* The titles of those albums tell the story he needed us to hear. They—and the music whose nature they reflect—embody an admission of perfidy, malice and vengefulness, and further convey the prideful glorification of those transgressions. Like all of us, Miles invented himself from the chaos he was given to interpret; unlike many of us, he never bothered with reinvention. He hewed to his original self-conception with unrepentant ferocity, engaging in a type of human alchemy, changing himself into an imaginary creature who lived in place of the ordinary man. The fanfare that opens *Bitches Brew* was the formal announcement of this change and, thereafter, he inculcated his music with a churlish, occult presence that refined it into something other than music, a brooding and often brutish form of intimacy that gladdened no hearts and lifted no spirits, speaking instead to the body and the backbrain.



CORBIS

Critics like to enthuse about Miles Davis in the 1950s and '60s and disregard his output during the 1970s, a creative period after which he retired for several years. Some see this electric music as a dissolute phase and some perceive it as tired, evidence of an aging talent attempting to be contemporary. But Miles never had to work at being contemporary. He proclaimed no cosmic evangel, as did Coltrane, and he was neither a Blakeish visionary like Albert Ayler nor a mad scientist–poet like Ornette Coleman. The information he relayed when playing never seemed dated, as sometimes is the case with poets and preachers. Elegance was a suit he wore, but inside it he was sinewy, funky, raw. Passion was a language he could speak, but passion bored him and he employed it only when it served to pay the bills. Essentially, he was on the lookout and streetcorner, talking about what he saw coming. Not the long view, but the way things looked a few storefronts down, next week, a couple of months from now. He wanted to be the coolest monster on the corner, the one who got raised up yet stayed with the street no matter what marble halls surrounded him. That may not be all he was, just who he wanted to be; but he wanted it with such genius intensity that he became the star of his own personal blaxploitation movie, acting the role of a sinister, magical hustler who when he played was checking things out and reporting back to himself. He included us in the conversation because we gave him the money and attention he had hustled us for, and he bought into his own con so completely, he left behind a standard street hustler's legacy of embittered ex-friends and maltreated women.

All great artists pander a little—they feel they have to tell us something good about ourselves, offer a connection that'll make us believe we're complicit in what they do and that'll give us something to talk about afterward. Miles outgrew that tendency during the 1970s. He turned his back on the audience and muttered into his horn as if pronouncing a curse he didn't want anyone to understand. He played mean, he played nasty, he played coolly sneering blurts of sound, and even when he played beautifully, it seemed he was commenting on beauty rather than lending it voice, that at the core of every melody was a disaffection that rendered beauty irrelevant, an attitude increasingly informed by a politics compounded of anger and heroin and egomania. During those years his face shriveled from a griot's aloof mask to a black wizard's skull with a Sphinx hairdo. His music was distilled down from innovative melodic phrasings that played like luminous blue branches forking among the rustlings of the rhythm section into something dread and basic, dark oceans. Chords opened over a snaky, slithering cymbal hiss, a cluttered rumble of bass, followed by the sinuous trumpet line, a snake charmer whine rising from a storm of thunderheads and scuttling claws, as plaintive and elusive as a muezzin's call. It seemed to have the freedom of jazz, yet at the same time it had the feel of heavy, ritual music.

I remember how, after seeing Miles in the 1960s, I walked out of the club thinking about his technique and the particularity of his invention and his ostensibly offhanded yet astonishingly precise enunciation of the notes. His 1970s music—as for instance, the Carnegie Hall recordings released under the title *Dark Magus*—doesn't provoke any similar intellectual reaction, which explains why it is dismissed by intellectuals. It breeds images in your mind. Static red flashes and black mountains moving. Mineral moons in granite skies. A thread of fire outlining a distant ridge. Then it washes over you and shuts you down. It's not art, it's not beauty, it's a meter reading on the state of the soul, a registering of creepy fundamentals, a universal alpha wave, God's EKG, a base electric message crackling across the brain. It suggests that what Miles saw on his immediate horizon was a figure of terrible promise.

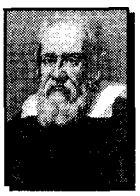
That's what *I* heard, anyway. A reedy alarm mounted against a crawl of background radiation, a whisper of melody leaking out through a crack in death's door, filling all the air with its singular

Lucius Shepard is a prizewinning science-fiction writer. His short-story collection Trujillo *and mainstream novel* A Handbook of American Prayer *are due out next year.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition

...taught by 12 top college professors on audio or video formats

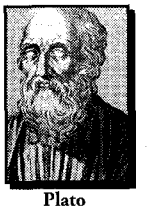

Galileo

Kant

Hegel

Bacon

Newton


Plato

Locke

Descartes

Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress.

For at least 30 centuries, mankind has grappled with the most fundamental questions life raises. Who am I? What should be the purpose of my life, and how should I lead it? What is the best kind of life? Active and engaged? Immersed in the rewards of reflection and understanding? Absorbed in the pleasures of the senses? Who or what is God? When is it legitimate for one person to have power over others? What is justice? Beauty?

These are the crucial questions that thoughtful men and women have pondered since civilization began. The most brilliant minds in history have been honed on these questions—and their search for answers has left us an intellectual legacy of unsurpassed depth and richness.

If you are like most people who care about learning, you probably promised yourself a long time ago that you would one day take the time to explore the most important works and wisdom of these great thinkers. And, like most of us, you probably ultimately despaired of ever finding the time.

Frankly, such an undertaking would require several years of withdrawal from active life, and a devotion to intense effort and concentration. And many of the great philosophical minds are difficult to read and understand; they are to the mind and spirit what Newton and Einstein are to physics.

Now, at last, here is a feasible way you can comfortably grasp, at home or in your car, the essence and consequence of each author's greatness. Valuable time that might otherwise be consumed by routine can instead become some of the most precious moments in the life of your mind.

The Intellectual Adventure of a Lifetime

This course is an 84-lecture, 12-professor tour of Western philosophical tradition and covers more than 60 of history's greatest minds.

The Teaching Company scours America for the best college lecturers, who can be identified by their teaching awards and top marks on independent student evaluations.

With these recorded lectures, you can follow the great conversation of the ages, and learn how it continues to shape us today.

THE COURSE CURRICULUM

PART I:
Classical Origins (Lectures 1–12)

PART II:
The Christian Age (Lectures 13–24)

PART III:
From the Renaissance to the Age of Reason (Lectures 25–36)

PART IV:
The Enlightenment and Its Critics (Lectures 37–48)

PART V:
The Age of Ideology (Lectures 49–60)

PART VI:
Modernism and the Age of Analysis (Lectures 61–72)

PART VII:
The Crisis of Modernity (Lectures 73–84)

"A force in adult education."
—The New York Times

"Tapes Take Top Teachers into Homes"
—The Wall Street Journal

SAVE UP TO $410!
OFFER GOOD UNTIL MARCH 6, 2003

No-Risk Money-Back Guarantee!

THE FACULTY:

Darren Staloff, *City College of New York*
Alan Charles Kors, *University of Pennsylvania*
Dennis G. Dalton, *Barnard College/Columbia University*
Phillip Cary, *Eastern College*
Jeremy Shearmur, *Australian National University*
Jeremy Adams, *Southern Methodist University*
Robert H. Kane, *University of Texas at Austin*
Robert C. Solomon, *University of Texas at Austin*
Kathleen Higgins, *University of Texas at Austin*
Louis Markos, *Houston Baptist University*
Mark Risjord, *Emory University*
Douglas Kellner, *UCLA*

Shop securely on-line at:
www.TEACH12.com/ntn

To order, mail coupon below or call our toll-free number: (Please refer to Priority Code 13717)
1-800-TEACH-12 (1-800-832-2412) Fax: 703-378-3819

The Teaching Company®
4151 Lafayette Center Drive, Suite 100
Chantilly, VA 20151-1232
www.TEACH12.com/ntn

Priority Code 13717

Please send me **Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition**, which consists of 84 half-hour lectures, with complete lecture outlines.

- ☐ **Video $139.95** (reg. price $549.95) **SAVE $410!** plus $20 shipping, handling, and guarantee.
- ☐ Audio **CD $129.95** (reg. price $499.95) **SAVE $370!** plus $20 shipping, handling, and guarantee.
- ☐ **Audio $94.95** (reg. price $349.95) **SAVE $255!** plus $15 shipping, handling, and guarantee.
- ☐ **Check or Money Order enclosed**

**Additional international shipping charges may apply.*
***Virginia residents please add 4.5% sales tax.*

☐ **Charge my:**
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ American Express

Account Number _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____
Name (please print) _____
Mailing Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
Phone *(If we have questions regarding your order)* _____

☐ **FREE CATALOG.** Please send me a free copy of your current catalog (no purchase necessary).

Offer Good Through: March 6, 2003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disturbance. Miles ultimately wanted less to entertain than to unsettle his audience, and this music was as much a statement of that policy as it was one of blighted conviction.

There was nothing Promethean about Miles. Transfiguration and transcendence were not among his concerns. Like Rimbaud and Bukowski, Céline and Mishima, he was a hero descending, moving ever downward into a spiritual bottomland, never flinching from the experience, wallowing in the stuff that tarred the floor of his soul. His music is a record of that descent, a sonic diary that tagged the walls with an enduring graffiti and, at the same time, a fiction he was telling the street, the environment whose demiurge he sought to be. During the 1970s he seemed to have become an oneiric figure in whom fiction and truth commingled. Dressed in flashy silks, his face grown somewhat wizened, the sort of ancient face you see emerging from the rough textures of tree bark or an avocado pit, he stood still in the noise of the storm he orchestrated. Watching and listening to him, I had the idea that his arrogance and defiance were no longer merely part of a costume but served to deflect fear—that he had seen the shadow of the myth he'd made and it was coming to claim him, an awful conclusion that, if we could see it, big, burly and spitting flame, would frighten us as well.

In the 1980s, when Miles returned after his retirement, his style was slicker and, though some of the music was good, it no longer seemed possessed by that furious entity. He was, for all intents and purposes, done. It's hard to sum up what a musician leaves behind. Though the recordings remain, the sounds have been vacated to a degree by the death of the player. But when I put on *Dark Magus* or *Pangaea* or any of his music from the 1970s, one thing becomes clear: Miles didn't bring us much good news on his way down to death, but for a time he showed us how the Devil might have sung while he fell through the floor of Heaven.

★ SHE BELIEVED REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS COULD CHANGE HISTORY WITHOUT CLASS WAR. ★

Margaret Sanger

ELLEN CHESLER

"No Gods, No Masters," the rallying cry of the Industrial Workers of the World, was her personal and political manifesto. Emma Goldman and Bill Haywood, Mabel Dodge and John Reed, were her earliest mentors and comrades. Allied with labor radicals and bohemians, Margaret Sanger emerged on the American scene in those halcyon days at the turn of the twentieth century when the country seemed wide open with possibility, before world war, revolution and repression provided a more sober reality.

AP/WIDE WORLD

She organized pickets and protests and pageants in the hope of achieving wholesale economic and social justice. But what began as a joyous faith in revolution quickly gave way to a more concrete agenda for social reform. In 1913, working as a visiting nurse on New York City's Lower East Side, she watched a young patient die tragically from the complications of a then all-too-common illegal abortion, and vowed to abandon palliative work, devoting herself instead to single-minded pursuit of sexual and reproductive freedom for women.

Women would achieve personal freedom by experiencing their sexuality free of consequence, just as men have always done, Sanger predicted. But in taking control of the forces of reproduction, they would also lower birthrates, alter the balance of supply and demand for labor, reduce poverty and thereby achieve the aspirations of workers without the social upheaval of class warfare. Not the dictates of Karl Marx but the refusal of women to bear children indiscriminately would alter the course of history, a proposition ever resonant today, as state socialism becomes an artifact of history while family planning, though still contested by conservative religious forces, endures with palpable consequences worldwide.

In 1917 Sanger went to jail for distributing contraceptive pessaries to immigrant women from a makeshift clinic in a tenement storefront in the Brownsville district of Brooklyn. The nation's birthrate was already declining as a result of private contraceptive arrangements and a healthy underground trade in condoms, douches and various contraptions, but it was Sanger who first recognized the far-reaching consequences of bringing the issue of reproductive freedom out in the open and claiming it as a woman's right. She staged her arrest deliberately, to challenge the state's anachronistic obscenity laws—the legacy of the notorious Anthony Comstock, whose evangelical fervor had captured Victorian politics and led to the adoption by the federal government and the states of broad criminal sanctions on sexual speech and commerce, including all materials related to birth control and abortion. Authorized as a special agent of the US Post Office, with the power to undertake searches and make arrests, Comstock had died of pneumonia two years earlier, after repeated confrontations with Sanger and her supporters that generated widespread publicity and sympathy for her cause, transforming it from a radical local gesture to a cause célèbre.

Appeal of Sanger's clinic conviction also established a medical exception to New York law. Doctors—though not nurses, as she had hoped—were granted the right to prescribe contraception for health reasons. Under that constraint, Sanger built what became the modern family-planning movement, with independent, free-standing facilities as the model for distribution of services to

Ellen Chesler, a senior fellow at the Open Society Institute, is the author of a 1992 biography of Margaret Sanger.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women without private healthcare, a development that occurred largely in spite of American medical leaders, who remained shy of the subject for many years and did not formally endorse birth control until 1937, well after her clinics had demonstrated its efficacy.

By then, she and Hannah Stone, the medical director of her New York clinic, whom Mary McCarthy later lionized in the classic scene from *The Group* where Dottie Renfrew gets her first diaphragm, had also achieved a legal breakthrough. They prevailed in a 1936 federal appellate court decision that licensed physicians to import contraceptive materials and use the federal mails for their transport. The ruling effectively realized years of effort to achieve state and federal legislative reform, though it did not override prohibitions that remained on record until the historic 1965 Supreme Court decision *Griswold v. Connecticut*, which established a constitutional doctrine of privacy to protect the use of birth control, a doctrine extended to abortion eight years later in *Roe v. Wade*.

Past 80 and confined to a nursing home, Sanger lived to learn of the Court's ruling in *Griswold* and to witness the successful marketing of the hormonal birth-control pill she had long dreamed of by a team of scientists and doctors she had encouraged and found the money to support. She died in 1966, just as Lyndon Johnson first incorporated family planning into America's social welfare programs and committed at least a fraction of the nation's foreign policy resources to them, fulfilling her singular vision of how to advance opportunity and prosperity, not to speak of human happiness, at home and abroad.

SANGER LIVED TO SEE THE BIRTH-CONTROL PILL AND THE INCORPORATION OF FAMILY PLANNING INTO DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN AID PROGRAMS.

The middle child of a large and poor Victorian family in Corning, New York, Sanger learned to dream at an early age from a magnetic Irish father who squandered away his artisan talents and his humane social vision on far too much talk and drink. From an overburdened but resourceful mother and several older sisters, however, she was lucky to absorb a powerful motivation to improve her own lot and the essential habits of self-discipline that made it possible to do so. One parent taught her to defy, the other to comport. She always warred between the two but took away from both a distinctive resolve to invest in a better life for herself and for others.

Never one to romanticize the poverty of her youth, she took refuge as a young teenager in Catholicism, then quickly converted to a socialist catechism, jettisoning both after World War I in favor of a more reasoned confidence in the ability of science and education to shape human conduct and in the possibility of reform through bold and progressive public initiatives. Her mentor through this passage was no less than H.G. Wells, the renowned British man of letters and influence, who foresaw the development of states that would mix free markets with centralized planning for social welfare. Both became tribunes for the rational, scientific control of the world's population and its resources, with Wells giving Sanger entree to the League of Nations and enhancing her international stature.

The two shared reputations for thinking expansively about the future, but also for living brazenly in the present. Sanger left her first marriage to William Sanger, a fledgling architect and painter, and committed herself to free love. Wells was one among many liaisons during and after her second marriage of convenience to J. Noah Slee, the wealthy inventor of 3-IN-ONE household oil, who used his facilities to help her smuggle in contraceptive products from Europe before they were legal here and helped bankroll her efforts, all the while letting her work, travel and have her freedom.

Critical to Sanger's political transformation at this juncture was the maturing of her consciousness as a feminist. She lost confidence in the potential of class cohesion, but decided to invest in the collective potential of women, many of whom were oriented to activism by the suffrage movement and eager for a new cause after women finally won the vote in 1920.

Openly rebelling against conventional gender arrangements, Sanger insisted nonetheless that the price women pay for equality should not be their sexuality or personal fulfillment. Following in the footsteps of a generation of suffragists and social do-gooders who had proudly forgone marriage, she became the standard-bearer of a less ascetic breed, intent on a broader range of satisfactions. She wanted women to have it all, and saw birth control as the necessary condition for the resolution of their often conflicting needs.

Sanger's determined optimism about the possibilities of freeing sex from a culturally and religiously enforced shroud of mystery and myth made her a pioneer of modern sexology and one of the first to take advantage of the popular market for lovemaking textbooks that emerged in the 1920s and '30s. An intimate disciple of Havelock Ellis, and a fervent opponent of the confining determinism of Sigmund Freud, she believed that improved communication and instruction in technique has the power to liberate human sexuality even from the yoke of the unconscious.

In no small measure, her success in this regard owed not just to the weight of her ideas but also to her considerable personal beauty and charm. She was an immensely attractive woman, small, lithe and trim. Her green eyes were flecked with amber, her smile always warm, her hands perpetually in motion, beckoning even to strangers. By Wells's own testimony, she had a quick Irish wit, high spirits and radiant common sense. And she was, in his words, "genuinely pagan."

With an uncanny feel for the power of a well-communicated idea in a democracy, Sanger through the 1920s wrote best-selling books, published a widely read journal, held conferences, circled the globe giving lectures, organized a network of clinics and built a thriving advocacy movement. To this end, she had no choice but to mobilize men of influence in business, government, labor, academia, science and the emerging professions, but her most active recruits always remained women. Under the best circumstances her pioneering clinics provided a range of health and counseling services in a sympathetic environment and became laboratories for her idealism, but, as often as not, the experiments failed, and even Sanger herself grew disillusioned.

The birth-control movement stalled during the long years of the Depression and World War II, stymied by the cost and complexity of reaching those in need without

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public funding, engulfed by internal dissension and overwhelmed by a barrage of opposition. The ever-fragile alliance Sanger tried to forge with the country's social and business establishment became a distinct liability. She resigned from the American Birth Control League, which later became Planned Parenthood, because of the eugenics leanings of some of its leaders, who boldly advanced contraception as a means of slowing birthrates among the poor during the Depression. Eugenics, which addresses the manner in which biological as well as environmental factors affect human health, intelligence and opportunity, was once embraced enthusiastically by many on the left but quickly deteriorated into excuses for the sterilization and control of "undesirables" on the basis of race and class.

Sanger always disdained the idea of a "cradle competition" between rich and poor, native and immigrant, white and black. She preached an ethic of individual self-improvement that would "come from within." She advanced public health and welfare policies fostering universal health and fitness and providing essential economic safety nets, and she spoke out against immigration prohibitions and other stereotypes. Having worked as a midwife, she was particularly sensitive to the adverse biological consequences of inadequate nutrition and healthcare for pregnant women.

But by bemoaning the burden of the "unfit" and by joining other progressives in refusing to condemn involuntary sterilizations of the institutionalized, Sanger left herself vulnerable to attacks of bigotry. Her reputation has been seriously compromised in recent years by an unlikely alliance of opponents of abortion on the far right and those on the far left who wholly reject her pragmatic political strategies, or condemn all family planning as covert ethnic and racial genocide.

Undermining Sanger's character as a way of undermining her message has long been an effective political strategy. Though she had enjoyed the personal friendship and professional endorsement of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt in New York, they refused to publicly ally themselves with her self-consciously transformed and sanitized "family planning" message when they reached Washington and became captive to the New Deal's dependence on an alliance of Catholic voters in the Northern cities and fundamentalist Protestants in the rural South.

Embittered by her failure to win support at home, and disenchanted with the country's increasing pronatalism after years of deferred fertility during the Depression and World War II, Sanger grew increasingly irritable, conservative and rabidly anti-Catholic as she grew older. Having previously traveled to Japan, China and India, leaving rudimentary family-planning advocacy and service organizations in her wake, she again turned her attentions abroad. In 1952 she founded the International Planned Parenthood Federation, an umbrella for national associations that remain today in most countries. In recent years most of these groups have been reinvigorated by a feminist movement that has given resonance to Sanger's original claim that women have a fundamental right to control their own bodies. They are recommitted to a doctrine that once again weds population and development goals to improvements in women's status.

★ AS THE 'SCHOOLMASTER OF THE MOVEMENT,' HE SHAPED GENERATIONS OF MEN.

Benjamin Mays

ROGER WILKINS

Benjamin Elijah Mays—devout Christian minister, uncompromising advocate for justice, career educator and longtime president of Morehouse College in Atlanta—was called the "Schoolmaster of the [civil rights] Movement" by the historian Lerone Bennett Jr. Indeed, among the thousands of proud black men who were shaped by Mays, there were many who played key roles in that movement, including Martin Luther King Jr. and Julian Bond. Bond, once communications director of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and now a university professor and chairman of the board of the NAACP, remembered Mays in a recent interview: "He was the embodiment of everything we wanted to be, and even though we knew we could never achieve his greatness, we strove to be like him. I revered him."

Bond was not alone in his reverence. In recalling Mays's influence on her husband, Coretta Scott King wrote in *My Life With Martin Luther King, Jr.*, that her husband's decision to go into the ministry "was largely due to the example of Dr. Benjamin E. Mays.... From first to last, Dr. Mays took a great interest in Martin. It was not so much that he deliberately guided him toward the ministry as that he influenced Martin by his own example. For although Dr. Mays was brilliant, he was not removed from the heart of the people. In the pulpit he talked a great deal about social justice; you might say he preached a social gospel. This conformed exactly with Martin's ideas, and it helped to form them.... At Morehouse, listening to Dr. Mays preach...Martin came to see that the ministry could be intellectually respectable as well as emotionally satisfying."

Andrew Young, once King's trusted lieutenant, then Congressman, ambassador to the United Nations and mayor of Atlanta, made the point that the leading black professionals in every city in the country and "most certainly one of the key preachers and probably most of the black elected officials owe where they are to Dr. Mays."

I am not a Southerner, but I began to sense the power of this

Roger Wilkins is a professor at George Mason University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extraordinary man when I first stepped onto the lowest level of the national stage. Proud of my two degrees from the University of Michigan, I joined the State Department in 1962 and was mentored by Bob Kitchen, an elegant black Foreign Service officer and a Morehouse graduate. "Too bad you didn't go to Morehouse," he said after I had confided uncertainties about my ability to function in Washington. "You could have been raised up by Benny Mays." Over the years, I learned from a number of other "Morehouse Men" that a central element of Mays's gift to them was a conviction that their minds and their determination to do right would prevail, no matter how many of the antiblack booby traps embedded in American culture might blow up in their paths.

Considering his inauspicious beginning, no one could have foreseen that Mays would become a shaper of strong men and of events. The year of his birth was 1894; the place, a few miles outside the village of Ninety Six; the state, South Carolina; the parents, former slaves; the race, Negro. Despite all that, the baby born black, poor and Southern would confound stereotypes drawn by a wide variety of Americans; early-twentieth-century white academics, 1960s Black Power advocates and 1980s conservatives. Six years after Mays's birth, Paul Barringer, who was faculty chair at the University of Virginia, lectured that anything more than "Sunday-school training" was wasted on the black because his lot in life was to be a "source of cheap labor for a warm climate; everywhere else he is a foreordained failure, and as he knows this he despises his own color." Many decades into Mays's astonishing life as a pillar of black education and constructive and active citizenship, he and his kind were derided by Black Power advocates of the late 1960s as hopelessly docile and out-of-date. In the 1980s, as Mays's life was coming to a close, conservatives—black and white together—were claiming to have invented a new remedy for black ills: self-help.

MAYS'S JOURNEY FROM POOR RURAL BOY TO NATIONAL LEADER IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE BLACK SELF-HELP TRADITION AT ITS HIGHEST LEVEL.

Mays's powerful, devout and astonishingly constructive life as a world traveler, civil rights stalwart, writer, minister, citizen-activist, educator-mentor and confidant to a wide range of influential national figures, including Presidents, contradicted all these sloppy stereotypes. He was as brilliant as anyone who ever taught at the University of Virginia, a far more effective and long-lasting instrument of black advancement than any of the Black Power leaders and a man for whom black self-help had settled into the core of his moral compass at about the time many of the 1980s conservatives were being born.

Mays was born in the era of the white terror in the South. Blacks were pushed back on all fronts by whites who were determined to "redeem" as much of pre–Civil War dominance as possible and therefore sought to impose black subservience across the board. To this end, the Ku Klux Klan and other night-riding terrorists, aided and abetted by many local law-enforcement agencies, did everything possible—including lynchings—to slam blacks back into the "place" whites believed appropriate. The cast of mind of the majority of South Carolina whites in the days of Mays's youth is best exemplified in the comment made by Senator Benjamin Tillman after President Theodore Roosevelt had invited Booker T. Washington to dine with him in the White House: "The action of President Roosevelt in entertaining that nigger will necessitate our killing a thousand niggers in the South before they will learn their place again."

The story of how Mays traveled the road from "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman's South Carolina to the fullness of his maturity, when he had become an important factor in our national life, is a many-faceted example of the black self-help tradition at work at its highest level. That tradition runs back to the time before the United States was a country, when blacks on plantations took care of one another as best they could and began transforming Christianity into a liberation theology. Then, during the Revolution, each side had blacks in its ranks soldiering for, among other reasons, their own freedom as they simultaneously tried to figure out how to purchase liberty for their families as well. In 1787, as great white founders were drafting the Constitution in Philadelphia, the great black founders, Richard Allen and Absalom Jones, were also at work in that city, creating the Free African Society, the first formal black self-help group in the country. The tradition continued in the nineteenth century, with Nat Turner's attempt to wrest freedom forcefully from his owners; through Harriet Tubman's and Frederick Douglass's freedom and abolitionary crusades; by black soldiers fighting for the Union and slaves attaching themselves to the conquering Union armies; and finally through the postwar educators—most notably Booker T. Washington—who in the late nineteenth century dedicated their lives to providing education to the newly freed slaves and their children.

In his autobiography, *Born to Rebel*, Mays wrote that even as a child surrounded by South Carolina cotton fields, "I really wanted to learn.... Vaguely, yet ardently, I longed to *know*, for I sensed that knowledge could set me free." But education was hard to come by in Ninety Six, where black cotton-pickers were far more highly prized than black readers. Thus for many years Mays could attend school only in the months from November through February. Another obstacle was his father's skepticism about the value of an education. But, encouraged by his mother and carried through by a supernatural level of persistence and grit (which included cleaning latrines in the wee hours to pay his keep), Mays managed to finish high school at 21. He then made his way to Bates College in Maine.

As usual, he worked his way through school, graduating with honors, having been a debater and a football player. Bates provided Mays with his first opportunity to make friends with whites. His graduation from Bates began a work-study journey toward a PhD in philosophy from the University of Chicago, a journey that was punctuated by the ministry as pastor of the Shiloh Baptist Church in Atlanta; his apprenticeship as an educator at Morehouse and the South Carolina high school, from which he had graduated; and community-service work with the Tampa Urban League and later as national student secretary of the YMCA. During this period Mays married and then suffered the loss of his wife, Ellen, and subsequently married Sadie Gray, who had been a high school classmate.

This rich tapestry of experiences gave Mays deep, firm roots in the Southern black community and a certain ironic knowledge of life in the liberal North, where he encoun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tered the legendary racism of Chicago—including from some of his professors at the university who would not speak to him outside the classroom. A few months before the award of his doctorate, Mays was appointed dean of the school of religion at Howard University, a job that he held with great distinction for six years until, in 1940, he assumed the presidency of Morehouse.

Mays brought his profound faith in God, his deep understanding of the Bible and of the Negro church, and his experience as an educator to Howard. During his six years there, the school gained accreditation by the American Association of Theological Schools—the second black seminary to achieve that status. While Mays was dean, Howard Divinity School sent forth a large number of men who would become major leaders of the church and of society. During that period, Mays broadened his perspective by traveling a good deal—most significantly to South Africa and to India, where he and Gandhi had deep exchanges on the philosophy and tactics of nonviolent social activism.

Mays needed all his faith, his deep learning, his passion for rendering service and his enormous energy when he became president of Morehouse, which was then the impoverished weak sister of black higher education in Atlanta and was rapidly falling toward junior-college status. As president, he set out to correct all the institution's problems; by the time he retired twenty-seven years later, both he and the college were legendary. Mays left a solvent college with an excellent faculty and many buildings that hadn't been there when he took over. But most important of all, he made Morehouse Men—legions of them—whom he sent out into the world in the mold of Benjamin Mays.

'HE TOLD US, "YES THERE IS SEGREGATION, BUT YOUR MIND IS FREE.... WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS TO MAKE YOUR MIND WORK."'—JAMES HUDSON

When I told Washington businessman and civic activist James Hudson, Morehouse '61, the story about my State Department colleague Bob Kitchen from Brunswick, Georgia, Jim said: "That's what he did. He went around to all those little towns in Georgia—and other states too—and found these smart small-town boys with limited futures and brought them to Morehouse. Some of these kids hadn't even finished high school, but he had developed a special program for any really promising students he discovered." (Martin Luther King Jr. entered Morehouse in 1944, when he was 15.)

"Mays got to us through those Tuesday chapel sessions," Hudson said. "He told us, 'Yes there is segregation, but your mind is free. Your job is to cultivate your mind to its fullest extent. Now segregation is a reality, but it is not an excuse. What is important is to make your mind work.'"

Both Hudson and Bond describe a Morehouse that was suffused with the personality and drive of this energetic, religious, loving, service-giving man. He worked ceaselessly to drive the hesitation and self-doubt that segregation was designed to implant in the black spirit right out of every man who came to Morehouse. The Morehouse Man was to be a man of dignity and pride and intellect and faith and commitment to justice—in a word, he was to be like Mays. Everyone I have ever known who went to Morehouse in his time carried a large dose of Benjamin Mays in his spirit. Mays made sure that he knew each and every Morehouse Man very well and that each of them had felt his expectations of them, both individually and through his weekly appearance at chapel, where he addressed them all.

"You knew, if you let yourself down you were letting him down," Hudson said. "You know, in all father-son relationships there's bound to be some friction generated by family stuff and household intimacy. With Mays, it was like a clean father-son relationship." Both Bond and Hudson describe an indefatigable model that was as clear in both word and deed as a human being could be. "The big reason people trusted him," Hudson said, "was the way he lived his life; no women, no money problems. And the interest in you was real. Long after you had left, he would follow you, check on you, see how you were doing and give you encouragement."

That comment reminded me of a remarkable encounter I had with Mays in Washington sometime in the late 1970s, long after he had left Morehouse. After some major African-American event had ended in a Washington hotel and most of the people had left, I spotted him sitting alone at a large table looking thoughtfully toward the door through which the last stragglers were drifting away. I had met Mays briefly and casually a couple of times over the years, so I went over to pay my respects to him and, to my surprise, he invited me to sit down.

I was somewhat stunned that he remembered me and that he knew what I was doing for a living. After we talked about journalism a bit, he gave me a searching look and asked: "Has being Roy Wilkins's nephew been a burden to you?" My eyes widened at his directness and his perceptiveness, but I answered. "It has been—sometimes more than others, but yes—a burden along with the blessings." Mays smiled and said: "Cherish the blessings and ignore the burdens. Just do your work—your best work." I remembered my old friend Bob Kitchen then, and his comment that "Benny Mays could have raised you up." Indeed.

Mays's life was full of activities beyond the campus. Most notably, he served a term in the 1970s as president of the Atlanta Board of Education, where he led the effort to devise a program to desegregate the schools without sending the white population fleeing to the suburbs. He was a force in the National and the World Council of Churches, a member of the board of the NAACP and committee member of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. He was one of the black leaders to whom Presidents Kennedy and Johnson turned during the turbulent 1960s. Kennedy intended to nominate him to a seat on the US Commission on Civil Rights, but the move was blocked by Georgia senators who charged that he was a Communist because of his memberships in organizations fighting lynching and seeking to improve black education in the South. Mays denied being a Communist. "They don't believe in God," Mays said. "I couldn't belong to a group that doesn't accept God." Kennedy appointed him to the Peace Corps Advisory Council instead, and later included Mays in the US delegation that attended the funeral of Pope John XXIII. Though he received fifty-five honorary degrees from colleges and universities in the United States and abroad, Mays said that the renaming of a black church in Ninety Six, South Carolina—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEADPHONES THAT OFFER SUPERIOR NOISE REDUCTION AND EXCEPTIONAL AUDIO. WHAT COULD BE BETTER?

THE NEW AND IMPROVED MODEL.

When our original QuietComfort® headphones were introduced, *Upscale* magazine called them "revolutionary." The *Boston Globe* wrote, "with the Bose Acoustic Noise Cancelling headsets on, the airplane roar became a whisper." And audio critic Rich Warren named them his "product of the year."

INTRODUCING THE NEW QUIETCOMFORT®2 ACOUSTIC NOISE CANCELLING® HEADPHONES.

Imagine what you'll say about our new QuietComfort®2 headphones – which combine the exceptional noise-reduction technology of our original headphones with dramatically improved audio performance and enhanced convenience.

REMARKABLE NOISE REDUCTION. We originally designed our noise-reducing headphones for airplane travelers. But customers soon started telling us how well they work in other noisy places. That's why our new QuietComfort®2 headphones feature the same patented technology that electronically identifies and dramatically reduces noise while faithfully preserving the music, movie dialogue or silence you want. So you can use them to concentrate at the office, reduce the whine of neighborhood lawn mowers or watch a movie during your next flight. Or simply relax in peace.

PREMIUM SOUND. The improved audio technology inside our new QuietComfort®2 headphones delivers sound so real, even the subtlest musical nuances come through with amazing clarity. When audio critic Wayne Thompson heard our new QuietComfort®2 headphones, he reported "Bose engineers have made major improvements." If you're a headphone user, we think you'll agree – this technology makes your music sound better. The details come shining through.

ENHANCED CONVENIENCE. Their new fold-flat design means they'll slip easily into a bag or briefcase. You can listen to portable CD/DVD/MP3 players, home stereos, computers and in-flight entertainment systems – or nothing at all. And you can wear them for hours, because we've made them so lightweight and comfortable. *CNET* says, "They feel good – even luxurious – on your ears." We say it's easy to forget you have them on.

TRY THEM FOR YOURSELF – RISK FREE. We don't expect you to take our word for how dramatically our new headphones reduce noise, how clean and full they sound or how comfortably they fit. So we invite you to try them for 30 days. Or, try our most affordable noise-reducing headphones, the original QuietComfort® headphones. Whichever you choose, if you're not satisfied simply return them for a full refund.

Call and ask about our **12-month interest-free payment plan**.* And discover the kind of performance that has made Bose the most respected name in sound.

CALL 1-800-869-2152, EXT. Q2191

For information on all our products: ***www.bose.com/q2191***

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Day Phone (_____)_____

Eve. Phone (_____)_____

E-mail (Optional)_____

BOSE® Better sound through research®

Mail to: Bose Corp., Dept. DMG-Q2191, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168

©2003 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. *Installment payment plan not to be combined with any other offer or applied to previous purchases, and available on credit card orders only. Payment plan is subject to credit approval, and other conditions may apply. Your credit card will be debited each month with no interest charges from Bose. Credit card rules and interest may apply. First payment to include shipping, handling and applicable sales tax. Payment plan subject to change without notice. Risk free refers to 30-day trial offer only. Quotes reprinted with permission: Candis Dickerson and Constance E. Clemons, *Upscale*, 3/01; Jerry Morris, *Boston Globe*, 10/24/99 on the original airline headset; Rich Warren, *News-Gazette*, 11/27/00; Wayne Thompson, *Portland Oregonian*, 4/18/03; David Carnoy, *CNET*, 4/16/03.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mays United Methodist—was the most touching honor he had ever received.

"I have never done anything for the purpose of being honored, to have my name on the front pages of the newspapers," Mays once said. "I have done what I believe I was sent into the world to do: worship my God and serve my fellow man." This view was embedded in a homely understanding of life: "We all travel the same road from our mother's womb to the grave. So there's no need of anybody getting chesty. We travel the same highway."

Well, maybe. Julian Bond observed, "First he built himself, then he built Morehouse Men." Benjamin Mays would be entitled to become a little chesty about the fact that so many Morehouse Men try hard to travel that highway in the way they were taught by the incomparable "schoolmaster of the movement."

★ HE SUCCEEDED NOT BY TOEING THE LINE BUT BY TRUSTING HIS TALENT AND VISION.

Woody Guthrie

STEVE EARLE

AP/WIDE WORLD

When Bob Dylan took the stage at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival, all leather and Ray-Bans and Beatle boots, and declared emphatically and (heaven forbid) electrically that he wasn't "gonna work on Maggie's farm no more," the folk music faithful took it personally. They had come to see the scruffy kid with the dusty suede jacket pictured on the covers of *Bob Dylan* and *Freewheelin'*. They wanted to hear topical songs. Political songs. Songs like "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll," "Masters of War" and "Blowin' in the Wind." They wanted the heir apparent. The Dauphin. They wanted Woody Guthrie.

Dylan wasn't goin' for it. He struggled through two electric numbers before he and the Paul Butterfield Blues Band retreated backstage. After a few minutes he returned alone and, armed with only an acoustic guitar, delivered a scathing "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" and walked.

Woody Guthrie himself had long since been silenced by Huntington's chorea, a hereditary brain-wasting disease, leaving a hole in the heart of American music that would never be filled, and Dylan may have been the only person present at Newport that day with sense enough to know it.

One does not become Woody Guthrie by design. Dylan knew that because he had tried. We all tried, every one of us who came along later and tried to follow in his footsteps only to find that no amount of study, no apprenticeship, no regimen of self-induced hard travelin' will ever produce another Woody. Not in a million years.

Woody Guthrie was what folks who don't believe in anything would call an anomaly. Admittedly, the intersection of space and time at the corner of July 14, 1912, and Okemah, Oklahoma, was a long shot to produce anything like a national treasure.

Woody was born in one of the most desolate places in America, just in time to come of age in the worst period in our history. Then again, the Dust Bowl itself was no accident either.

After the Civil War, the United States government and the railroads, mistakenly believing that the Great Plains would make swell farmland, killed off all the buffalo, effectively neutralizing the indigenous population, and opened up vast expanses of prairie to homesteading. Problem was that the head-high buffalo grass that thrived in the thin topsoil had slowly adapted to its deceptively hostile environment over several thousand years. It took less than seventy years for nonnative water- and mineral-greedy crops to wring every last nutrient from the traumatized earth, creating a vast man-made desert and setting in motion a mass migration of folks from Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma out west to California, where they hoped against hope for a better life.

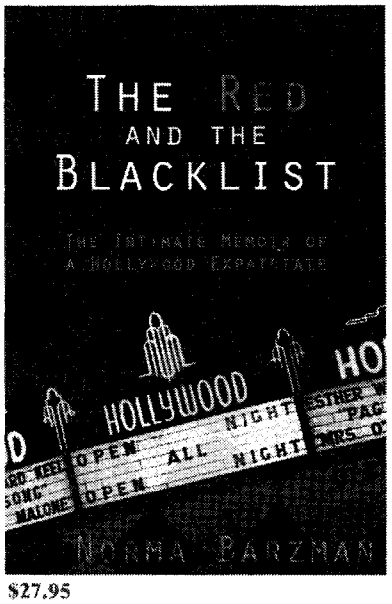
Most found only bigotry and exploitation at the hands of wealthy fruit and vegetable growers. Woody found an audience. He sang in the migrant camps and on the picket lines up and down the lush interior valleys. A few well-meaning outsiders were sympathetic to the plight of the migrants, but they were college boys who used a lot of big words like "proletariat" and "bourgeoisie" and unintentionally made the Okies feel small. But Woody was one of their own. He spoke their language and he sang their songs, and every once in a while he'd slip in one of those big words in between a tall tale and an outlaw ballad. As he became more outraged he became more radical, but his songs and his patter always maintained a sense of humor and hope. He said, "I ain't a Communist necessarily, but I been in the red all my life."

Woody arrived at his social conscience organically, over a period of years. Socialism made a lot of sense in the Great Depression. Capitalism had, after all, essentially collapsed and wasn't showing any significant signs of reviving in Pampa, Texas, where Woody spent his late adolescence. The ultimate hillbilly autodidact, he divided his time between teaching himself to play several musical instruments only tolerably well and frequent marathon sessions in the public library, where he clandestinely educated himself. He followed his own haphazard curriculum, one book leading him to another in an endless scavenger hunt for answers that invariably posed even deeper questions. An acute interest in psychology segued into medieval mysticism and from there he stumbled into Eastern philosophy and spiritualism. He went through a poetry period, a Shakespeare period, even a law book period. When, a few years later, he began

Steve Earle, a singer/songwriter, is the author of Doghouse Roses *(Mariner), a collection of short stories.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from Nation Books.



The Red and the Blacklist

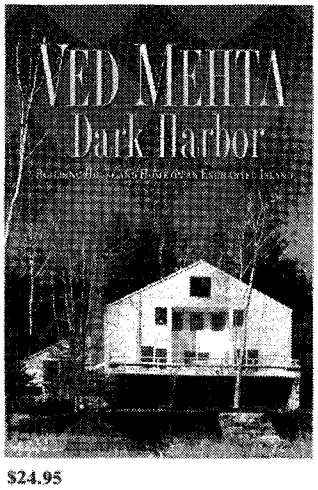
By Norma Barzman

"*[The Red and the Blacklist]* is a very engaging account of her life in, and exile from, Hollywood... Her memoir confirms my long-held belief that the women of the blacklist were, in general, far more insightful than the men."
–Larry Ceplair, *Los Angeles Times* Book Review

"What makes this book valuable is that it is a record of people who chose to leave their home rather than endure the abrogation of the Constitution ...[Norma Barzman proves] that history has courage and even nobility in it."
– *New York Times* Book Review

"The raunchy memoir of a Hollywood insider turned outside by the McCarthy witch-hunts." – *Vanity Fair*

$27.95

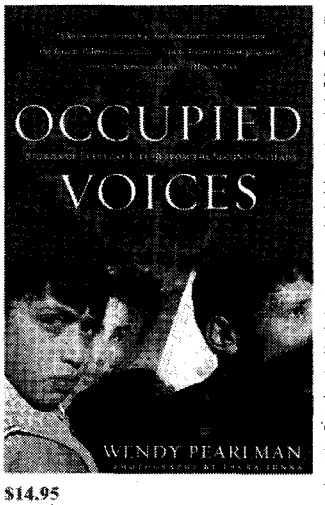


$24.95

Dark Harbor: Building House and Home on an Enchanted Island
By VED MEHTA

"*Dark Harbor* is an exquisitely written book about a seemingly impossible idea that occurred to a man who is 'not one ever to give up on anything.'" – *New York Times* Book Review

"Mehta, a longtime New Yorker contributor and exceptional memoirist, adds yet another captivating volume to his unparalleled Continent of Exile series, which chronicles his boyhood loss of sight and efforts to live and to write as much in the manner of the sighted as possible" – *Booklist*

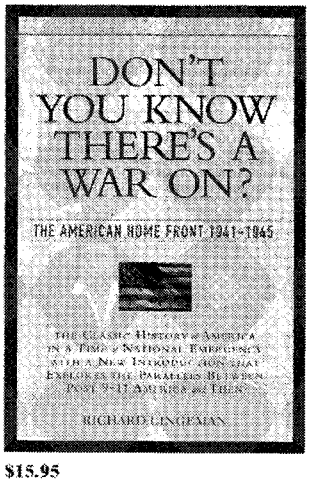


$14.95

Occupied Voices: Stories of Everyday Life from the Second Intifada
By WENDY PEARLMAN

"I know of no better way for Americans to understand the Israeli-Palestinian conflict than to listen to these poignant, intensely human stories." – **Howard Zinn**

"This book lets the voices of the Palestinian people speak for themselves and tell their story of suffering...Reading this book may break your heart, but it also reminds you of how marvelous the human spirit is." – **Tanya Reinhart, author of *Israel / Palestine: How to End the War of 1948***



$15.95

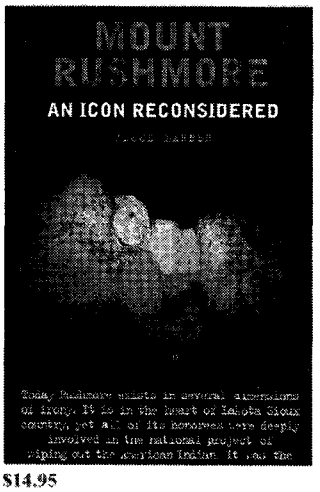
Don't You Know There's A War On? The American Home Front 1941-1945
By RICHARD LINGEMAN

A *New York Times* Notable Book

A long-overdue reissue of Richard Lingeman's classic history of the American home front during World War II, with a new introduction that explores the parallels between our contemporary world and the 1940s.

"Much of what America has today was inherited from those World War II years." – *Indianapolis Star*

"A very good book." – *New York Times* Book Review



$14.95

Mount Rushmore: An Icon Reconsidered
By JESSE LARNER

Now out in paperback!

The secret history of America's so-called "Shrine of Democracy."

"This eye-opening book will appeal to readers interested in American history as well as those concerned about the treatment of ethnic minorities." – *Booklist*

Available at bookstores and www.nationbooks.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to travel around the Southwest by thumb and freight train, his mind was wide open when he encountered crusty old radicals who handed out copies of *The Little Red Song Book* and preached the Gospel of Union. It was only natural that when he began to make up his own songs, he drew on the despair and pain he had witnessed all his life and the lofty ideas that ricocheted around in his head for inspiration. He became the living embodiment of everything a people's revolution is supposed to be about: that working people have dignity, intelligence and value above and beyond the market's demand for their labor.

Not that Woody was a rank-and-file worker. In fact, he managed to avoid manual labor more strenuous than sign-painting his entire life. He was, however, born into the working class and managed to distinguish himself not by "pulling himself up by his bootstraps" and toeing the line but rather by trusting his own talent and vision.

He was no angel, either. Those closest to him sometimes found him hard to love. His family (he had two) sometimes suffered for his convictions, as he constantly sabotaged himself, especially when things were going well financially. In the long run, his political integrity was unassailable, because money and its trappings made him genuinely nervous.

By the time the 1950s blacklists got around to folk singers, Woody wasn't affected, as he was already succumbing to the disease that had institutionalized and eventually killed his mother, and he was slowly slipping away. Ramblin' Jack Elliott got there in time to hang out with him out in Coney Island. By the early 1960s Woody was hospital-bound, but he spent weekends at the home of longtime fan Bob Gleason. Bob Dylan and other up-and-coming folkies made the pilgrimage and sang for him there. When Woody finally died, in the fall of 1967, he was eulogized in the *New York Times* and *Rolling Stone*. He left behind an army of imitators and a catalogue of songs that people will be dusting off and singing for as long as they make guitars.

For me personally, Woody is my hero of heroes and the only person on earth that I will go to my grave regretting that I never met. When I invoked his name in "Christmas in Washington," I meant it. Clinton was being re-elected in a landslide and I had voted for him and I wasn't sure why and I needed something to hang on to, someone to say something. I needed, well...a hero.

Does all this mean that the world would be a different place if Woody had dodged the genetic bullet and lived? You bet your progressive ass! Just imagine what we missed! Woody publishing his second and third books! Woody on the picket lines with Cesar Chavez and the farmworkers singin' "Deportee"! I could go on forever. I have imagined hundreds of similar scenarios, but then at some point it always dawns on me how selfish I am.

Let him go. He did his bit. Besides, as much as we need him right now, I wouldn't wish this post-9/11 world on Woody. He hated Irving Berlin's "God Bless America" more than any other song in the world. He believed that it was jingoistic and exclusive, so he wrote a song of his own. It goes:

This land is your land
This land is my land
From California
To the New York island
From the redwood forest
To the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

★ SHE WENT FROM CUTTING RELIGION OUT OF HER LIFE TO MAKING IT THE CORE.

Dorothy Day

CHRIS BARRETT and WAYNE BARRETT

In the final days of Rudy Giuliani's term as mayor of New York, three months after the heroism of 9/11, he quietly approved a politically wired project to build twenty-five multimillion-dollar mansions on Staten Island. An expediter for the project's mob-tied developer was already under indictment for forging the demolition permit that had illegally cleared the site. Nonetheless, Giuliani's deputy mayor secretly summoned his reluctant planning commission chairman to City Hall to read him the riot act over delaying it, forcing the final go-ahead.

AP/WIDE WORLD

The forged permit—which later led to a conviction—authorized an ambush on a sanctuary. The *Catholic Worker* movement owned the three wooden cottages destroyed by bulldozers in the dead of night. One had long been occupied by its founder, Dorothy Day, who spurned personal property, ate the same gruel served now in her 200 Worker hospitality houses worldwide, wore the same discarded clothes she gave the poor and carried only a prayer book and a coffee jar on her pilgrimages across America.

Nominated for canonization by Cardinal John O'Connor in 1998, Day was buried near the bungalow in 1980. She'd converted to Catholicism in 1927 while living in another bungalow a short distance down the Raritan Bay beach. She'd started the first Catholic Worker farm nearby.

The memory of her on the island, and across the city, was so strong that church and preservation groups had been petitioning Giuliani's Landmarks Commission for three and a half years to designate the cottages as landmarks, even cornering the mayor

Chris Barrett is the pastoral coordinator of Resurrection Catholic Church in Monetta, Virginia. Wayne Barrett is a senior editor of the Village Voice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself at a Town Hall meeting. While landmark officials had refused to make the designation, they'd also barred demolition as negotiations with the builder continued. That's why the developer and his partners, who'd contributed $41,000 to Giuliani and his GOP allies, needed a phony permit to level them, just the sort of lawlessness that former prosecutor Rudy ordinarily went bonkers about. Not this time.

Giuliani had launched his putative Senate campaign against Hillary Clinton in 2000, before prostate cancer and a public mistress cut it short, by attempting to make himself the Catholic candidate in a very Catholic state. He'd shut down a Brooklyn Museum art exhibit because it featured an arguably profane painting of the Virgin Mary with elephant dung. But by 2001, when the Day controversy exploded, the Catholic posturing by the rare churchgoer was over.

Dorothy Day was hardly Rudy Giuliani's kind of Catholic anyway. With the $57 she and four friends put together in 1933, partly from an article she published in *America* magazine, they printed an eight-page tabloid called *The Catholic Worker* and handed out 2,500 copies at the May Day Communist rally in Union Square. With only the $5 she had to her name a few months later, she rented a vacant apartment to provide emergency shelter for six homeless women after hearing that one of their friends had thrown herself in front of a subway. These two acts launched one of the most elegantly simple revolutions in history.

'WE BELIEVE THAT CHRIST WENT BEYOND NATURAL ETHICS...AND TAUGHT NONVIOLENCE AS A WAY OF LIFE.' —DOROTHY DAY

Feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, welcoming the stranger and sheltering the homeless were seen by Day "as the very ground of the Christian life." Day chose for herself a life of voluntary poverty, a call not only to serve the poor but to join them in their poverty. In a radical shift of Catholic tradition, Day mothered a *lay* movement in which Christ's counsel to be poor in spirit became a physical reality, in the everyday form of voluntary rather than vowed poverty. Her lay ministry with the homeless, as well as the creation of a lay community *with* the impoverished, departed from the centuries-old Catholic custom of using vowed, celibate religious orders to meet the needs of the church and the world.

While the church norm, going back to Saint Benedict in the fifth century, had been the establishment of highly regulated and legalistic celibate communities, Day created an anarchistic lay community dedicated solely to service. Hostels were her cathedrals. Rags were her vestments. Bread was her eucharist, soup her wine. Even as her Worker network of houses and farms spread across America and the world, she gave it no overarching rules or creed, leaving it amazingly free of Catholic formalism, as much a structural challenge to orthodoxy as it was an activist rebuff of clerical complacency. Her message made her the most influential and inspirational leader of Catholic outreach since Saint Francis of Assisi in the twelfth century, who, like her, called the church back to its "communistic" roots of radical redistribution of wealth to insure that none were in need.

Despite her radicalism, she was never a Church pariah. "Though she is a harlot at times," Day wrote of the Church in one of her eight books, "she is our mother." Her devotion to its essential teachings was beyond question—a daily communicant, she also recited the Psalms each day, explaining to a fellow prisoner and drug addict in the Women's House of Detention that they were her "fix." Weathering an abortion in her 20s, she came to share the Church's pro-life beliefs, converting when she later baptized her only child, even at the cost of her marriage to a confirmed atheist. The University of Notre Dame, for example, gave her its highest honor, the Laetare Medal, recognizing her as one "who comforted the afflicted and afflicted the comfortable." The Vatican announced on March 16, 2000, that it had started the canonization process, triggered by O'Connor, who said of her: "She is not a 'gingerbread' saint or a 'holy card' saint, but a modern-day devoted daughter of the Church."

Her difficulties with the hierarchy, especially Cardinal Francis Spellman of New York, revolved around her peace advocacy, not her work with the poor. Adamant opposition to all war and preparation for war—"gospel nonviolence"—were a hallmark of her life. "We believe that Christ went beyond natural ethics...and taught nonviolence as a way of life," she wrote, confronting the willingness of church leaders like Spellman to find "just war" rationales for every nationalist military adventure.

Her Worker organizations never paid federal income taxes or sought tax exemptions. Most of her six or seven jail terms were a result of acts of antiwar civil disobedience. Her opposition to the Spanish Civil War, World War II, the Korean War, Vietnam, the cold war and the nuclear arms race aligned her with the early Church fathers, who universally opposed Christian participation in war, but pitted her against more recent prelates. Her views helped move the Church, leading to the condemnation of indiscriminate warfare and nuclear weapons at Vatican II in 1965, and paving the way for the Pope's current critique of Bush's "war on terror."

In the January 1942 issue of *The Catholic Worker*, the first after the Pearl Harbor attack, she wrote: "Our manifesto is the Sermon on the Mount.... We will print the words of Christ who is with us always—even to the end of the world. 'Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you.'" A Worker newspaper ran the same piece—under the same headline ("We Continue Our Christian Pacifist Stand")—almost sixty years later, in the first issue after September 11, 2001.

In her last public appearance, on August 6, 1976, she questioned the Church's reluctance to condemn nuclear weapons. Asked to address the International Eucharistic Congress in Philadelphia at a mass to honor the military, she noted that it was also the anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima. "Here we are on the day the first atomic bomb was dropped. Our Creator gave us life.... But we have given the world instruments of *death* of inconceivable magnitude. Today we are celebrating—how strange to use such a word—a mass for the military.... Why not a mass for the military on some other day? I plead that we regard the military mass, and all our masses today, as an act of penance, begging God to forgive us."

This fierce pacifism was linked to her voluntary poverty by the common bond of her life: love. "The measure by which we will be judged," love in action, was to her, as it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was to Father Zossima in *The Brothers Karamazov*, "a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams." The "revolution of the heart" that Day invoked was a life of loving sacrifice that was its own pained reward.

Her radicalism was determinedly Catholic, a conscious rejection of secular activism. She had grown up with Jack London, Peter Kropotkin, Charles Dickens and Upton Sinclair. She'd found work early in life at the socialist *Call* and *The Masses*. But she went from cutting religion out of her life to making it the core. One of her best friends, Mike Gold, writer at the *Daily Worker*, introduced her to Eugene O'Neill, who'd recite Francis Thompson's famous religious poem "The Hound of Heaven" to her in the back room of the Hell Hole, a tavern where they'd often meet. It made her feel "so great a need to reverence, to worship, to adore." She became a mystic on a pilgrimage from God, of God and toward God, one of history's great spiritual athletes.

The communist and socialist movements were insufficiently individual to her, wedded to the abstraction of the masses. She was drawn to the work of a French Catholic named Emmanuel Mounier, who inspired the personalist movement through his journal *Esprit*. Two papal encyclicals—*On the Condition of Labor* by Pope Leo XIII in 1891 and *After Forty Years* by Pius XI in 1931—led to the founding of her Worker network. As Day lieutenant Eileen Egan wrote: "The core of the movement was the recognition of the importance of each person."

Seventy years after the first Catholic Worker community opened in New York, two followers of Dorothy Day, Bill and Sue Frankel-Streit, opened one of the latest Worker homes in rural Louisa County, Virginia, just in time for last Christmas. They called it the Little Flower Catholic Worker Farm, named after Saint Thérèse of Lisieux ("The Little Flower"), whose autobiography was a Day favorite. Located in a dilapidated antebellum farmhouse with primitive heating, the Worker farm feeds and succors the country poor just as Day did among the tall stalks of Manhattan decades ago. As Bill Frankel-Streit stoked the wood stove around which a dozen Day descendants gathered for the mass of dedication with Bishop Walter Sullivan of Richmond, he joked that this new house of love was "a diamond in the rough."

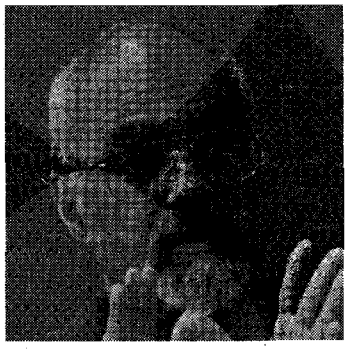
So was its inspiration.

★ HIS TECHNIQUE IS TO BE A CATALYST IN PEOPLE'S EFFORTS TO FREE THEMSELVES.

Bob Moses

TOM HAYDEN

Late one night in October 1961, I flew from Atlanta to Jackson, Mississippi, with Bob Moses. We didn't sit together during the silent one-hour flight, nor did we make eye contact at the empty airport. Not that it wasn't legal. You simply wouldn't take the chance.



AP/WIDE WORLD

The next day, with my late friend Paul Potter of the National Student Association, I rented a car and drove two hours south from Jackson to McComb, a fiercely segregated town of 12,000. We had arranged to meet Moses by pulling up to a gas station parking lot with our lights out, changing cars, lying low in the back seats and finally being smuggled into a basement room with blankets covering all the windows. There we discussed the voter registration drive and freedom school opening in town.

This was shortly after the Freedom Rides had shaken Mississippi and the Deep South, exposing the violence that awaited any who challenged the segregated status quo. Today, when early civil rights workers are widely honored, it is well to remember the national mood in those days. At the time, Attorney General Robert Kennedy wondered aloud if the Freedom Riders "have the best interest of the country at heart," since they were providing "good propaganda for America's enemies." The *New York Times* editorialized that "nonviolence that deliberately provokes violence is a logical contradiction." A Gallup poll that summer had revealed that 63 percent of Americans opposed the Freedom Rides.

Of course, patience was in the eye of the beholder. It had been 100 years since the beginning of the Civil War, eighty years since the imposition of Jim Crow laws and thirteen years since Democratic Party liberals like Hubert Humphrey had adopted a civil rights platform. And still people were being killed for registering to vote. As recently as a month before our trip, a farmer named Herbert Lee had been shot in broad daylight by a white Mississippi elected official. A witness to Lee's murder, Louis Allen, became a marked man; he was killed two years later.

Bob Moses took Herbert Lee's death personally. Lee had drawn venomous racist attention by driving Bob around the back roads looking for volunteers. Bob himself had been badly beaten on the head and face by the son-in-law of the man who shot Herbert Lee. Beatings of other civil rights workers became routine.

The institutions of liberalism seemed powerless to act. Officials of Robert Kennedy's Justice Department, on Moses's invitation, clandestinely visited Mississippi sharecroppers to see for themselves. They urged Moses to leave Mississippi because they couldn't, or wouldn't, protect the voter registration effort. Institutions like the black churches and the NAACP lacked the in-

Tom Hayden, the Nation Institute's Carey McWilliams Fellow, has played an active role in American politics and history for more than three decades, beginning with the student, civil rights and antiwar movements of the 1960s.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dependent strength for such campaigns. To organize for the most elementary rights to live, one had to learn the solitude of expecting to die.

People like Bob learned about organizing inside what they called "the iceberg." Bob was raised in the North, attended Hamilton College and Harvard graduate school in the 1950s, visited Zen centers in Japan and was teaching at Horace Mann school in New York when the sit-ins and Freedom Rides began in 1960. After a volunteer stint at Martin Luther King Jr.'s New York office, he traveled south to join a three-member civil rights office in Atlanta. Then he took an exploratory bus trip through the Black Belt, finally being drawn to rural Mississippi.

Among the stalwart black sharecroppers he met, Bob began to evolve a new model of how things work. In the orthodox model, institutions are supposed to represent and defend organized constituencies. But along the way they became frozen in the iceberg themselves. The people they were supposed to represent were frozen too, by fear of white violence. Frozen by feelings that they didn't count in the big picture of things, and above all by feelings that they were unqualified to participate in government. Democracy was meaningless when so many people were frozen psychologically.

WHEN PEOPLE ASKED BOB WHAT TO DO, HE ASKED THEM WHAT THEY THOUGHT. GRADUALLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEY WERE EMPOWERED.

So Bob listened. When people asked him what to do, he asked what they thought. At mass meetings, he usually sat in back. In group discussions, he mostly spoke last. He slept on floors, wore sharecroppers' overalls, shared the risks, took the blows, went to jail, dug in deeply. Gradually the ice melted, the rock of hope was revealed. People were empowered for the first time.

Radicals of that era advocated a strategy they called "political realignment," which meant the fashioning of a liberal Democratic Party by breaking the connection with the party's racist Dixiecrat wing. The notion had seeped into Bob's thinking too, with the difference that he really meant to make it happen. Not through the endlessness of gradualism, but by boiling the iceberg. Not because it was some ideological dream, but because black people needed leverage against the structure of fear.

So Bob continued trying to educate the Justice Department to the necessity of breaking the link with segregation. But the results never led to a breakthrough. For example, the Kennedys were persuaded to encourage foundation funding for voter registration drives as an alternative to radical direct action, but they wouldn't replace segregationist judges or protect civil rights workers on the frontlines. Louis Allen was found murdered in Amite County while the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) was holding a strategy meeting on what to do next. It was plain that the movement couldn't protect those it encouraged to stand up. Bob knew that getting the Justice Department on the phone, or bringing national figures like Harry Belafonte, Dick Gregory and Bob Dylan to Mississippi, was at least partial protection against the reign of terror. His budding idea was to force the nation, at least north of the Mason-Dixon line, to share the terror and finally take a stand on Mississippi. The same June night that President Kennedy made a personal civil rights appeal on national television, a sniper killed NAACP Mississippi field secretary Medgar Evers in front of his family in Jackson.

Not long after, JFK himself was killed, and the whole country suddenly felt more like Mississippi. But in the same month as the Kennedy assassination, 90,000 Mississippi blacks shed their fears to cast a "freedom vote," mocking their exclusion. They set up their own voting booths outside the frozen walls. It was an underground vote, like an underground railroad, demonstrating that some freedom was in the air. The project Bob built was becoming an alternative structure, exposing and chipping away at the iceberg. In spring and summer of 1964 came the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and Mississippi Summer. The new party would challenge the credentials of the state's official delegation at the National Democratic Convention, while hundreds of Northern, mostly white volunteers would enter Mississippi to work in "freedom schools" and registration projects.

While the 1964 Summer Project participants were training in nonviolence before leaving for Mississippi, word came on June 21 that three civil rights workers had "disappeared" in Neshoba County: James Chaney, Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner. Bob had the burden of breaking the news. No one backed down. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover told the President that the missing activists might have staged their disappearance to inflame the situation, or perhaps that "these three may have gotten rather fresh" with the locals.

In Mississippi that summer, there were thirty bombings, thirty-five church burnings, thirty-five people shot and eighty beaten up. But the Freedom Democrats continued moving toward the goal of sending an alternative, legal, racially open delegation to challenge the official Dixiecrats at the convention. It was the most significant model of participatory democracy built in the 1960s. The project was the brightest alternative to the war, violence and repression that were building just beyond our knowledge. If the cause of the Freedom Democrats had been taken up by the Democratic Party, the rhetoric of political realignment would have turned into reality, and the War on Poverty would have become the priority instead of war in Vietnam.

It was not to be.

On August 2, the US government fabricated an incident in the Gulf of Tonkin ("a very delicate subject," said Pentagon chief Robert McNamara), thus starting the Vietnam War. While LBJ prepared the subsequent Congressional war resolution on August 4, the FBI found three brutalized bodies in a Neshoba County dam site. During an August 9 memorial service at the burned-out Mt. Zion Church, Bob Moses questioned how the United States could fight for freedom in Vietnam but not in Mississippi. On August 20, LBJ declared an official War on Poverty with a $947 million appropriation while also signing a military augmentation fifty times greater.

While the Freedom Democratic Party buses headed for Atlantic City, where the convention was held along a garish boardwalk, LBJ plotted to employ the party's leading liberals to undermine the FDP challenge. Hubert Humphrey, the hero of the 1948 civil rights debate, was dispatched to stop these Mississippi black people from taking the promise too seriously. The Humphrey plan encountered trouble as rank-and-file Democratic del-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

egates from Northern states were moved by eloquent testimony from sharecroppers like Fannie Lou Hamer. Humphrey lectured the arriving Freedom delegation that LBJ "will not allow that illiterate woman to speak from the floor of the convention." Walter Reuther, leader of the United Auto Workers, was flown by private jet to help quell the Freedom challenge. He did so in the hope that Johnson would nominate Humphrey as Vice President. "We can reduce the opposition to this to a microscopic fraction so they'll be completely unimportant," he pledged.

The Humphrey compromise failed to meet the test of either participatory democracy or political realignment. It boiled down to offering two delegate-at-large seats to the Freedom Democrats while seating the official segregationist party and promising to reform the process four years later. "We didn't come all this way for no two seats," said Hamer. We came to bring our morality to politics, not politics to our morality, said Bob. Humphrey, "having used all the heartstrings I had" (as he forlornly explained to the President), broke down and cried. At one point LBJ stole off to bed in the afternoon and privately threatened for twenty-four hours to quit the presidency. Only days after the convention, LBJ's National Security Adviser, McGeorge Bundy, said the President would have to send "substantial armed forces" to Vietnam, yet Johnson had already pledged "no wider war."

SOME SAY HE WAS MORE A MYSTIC THAN AN ORGANIZER. IF SO, HE WAS THE MOST PRACTICAL MYSTIC I EVER MET.

The possibility of transformation was gone. In hindsight, if Johnson had conceded a meaningful voice to the Freedom Democrats, he still would have defeated Barry Goldwater that November. Dixiecrats like Senator John Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, would have lost their leverage on Vietnam. But Johnson heeded the pleas of those like Representative Carl Vinson, who told the President, "We just cannot take any more civil rights advocates now."

How consciously we may never know, but Johnson was heading for the war that would prove disastrous for himself, the Democratic Party and the country. One year later, when Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act after the bloodshed at the Selma bridge, it was already too late. The fires that began in Watts the summer after Freedom Summer would blaze through hundreds of Northern ghettos in the next three years.

Bob was deeply wounded by the betrayal. He had, after all, followed the rules, registered voters, built a local and state party organization, made a thorough legal case to the credentials committee, all the while putting lives at risk. It was a remarkable organizational achievement, turning "the stones the builders rejected" into polished gems of community leadership. Beyond anyone's expectation, he outorganized Lyndon Johnson, who, conceding that the convention delegates would support the Freedom Democrats, simply made sure no floor vote happened.

But the battle was lost. Bob told me it might take fifty years before it could happen again. After a while he dropped his burdensome last name, becoming Bob Parris. He took part in the earliest anti–Vietnam War demonstration in Washington, traveled to Africa, escaped a draft order, taught school under asylum in Tanzania.

Bob ultimately returned to the Harvard area with a MacArthur Fellowship. In the 1980s he began the Algebra Project, modeled on the early freedom schools, using participatory techniques to help black youth avoid disfranchisement in the computer age, as their parents had experienced in the industrial age. The last time I saw him was in the 1990s, on another flight to Mississippi, for a reunion of the 1964 volunteers, where I was deeply moved to sit on the floor and listen to so many of the movement's grown-up children, including Bob's, take part in freedom circle discussions of their own.

Bob would deny credit for these 1960s organizing achievements, and rightly so, since they depended on thousands of self-determined community people and organizers. But Bob was the catalyst and the example. He helped the country to look in the mirror and confront itself. If the country sought to escape what it saw, there was nothing Bob felt he could do. His 1964 prediction—that the country would unravel if it failed to heed the Freedom Democrats' challenge—was accurate: Voting rights without political power would accelerate the displacement of Southern blacks to Northern cities, where they would join the growing class of the new unemployables, form gangs and initiate a cycle of violence.

Some say Bob was more a mystic than an organizer. If so, he was the most practical mystic I ever met. He was an organizer of organizers who organized people to free themselves of organizers. The legacy of Freedom Summer led directly to the Berkeley Free Speech Movement through the leadership of Mario Savio, who was a SNCC volunteer in McComb. It continued in the draft resistance, the 1967 Vietnam Summer, echoing all the way to labor's Solidarity Summers, still ongoing. Others say Bob's style was too decentralized, too anarchistic, that he and SNCC should have built lasting institutions. But the hard truth is that even well-meaning institutions wear out the spirit and become accommodated to the status quo. Of course, we need them, but no institution ever aroused the degraded poor through a membership application. Only a prophetic organizer can do such work, as seen in the base communities of liberation theology, the underground efforts of antisweatshop organizers, the dangerous struggles of women against fundamentalism and the brave souls slowing rainforest destruction today. "Maybe you did come only to boil and bubble and burst out of sight and sound," Bob himself once said. That seems enough for one life. ★ ★ ★

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
PO Box 55149
Boulder, CO 80322-5149

Please allow 4–6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

1 (800) 333-8536

Monday to Friday
8:00 AM to 9:00 PM MST
Saturday & Sunday
8:00 AM to 4:30 PM MST

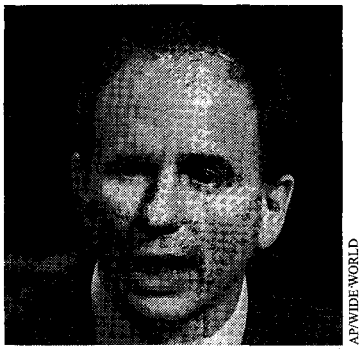
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★ HE TOOK PRIDE BOTH IN PRINCIPLED OBSTINACY AND IN GAINS BORN OF ALLIANCES.

Paul Wellstone

JOE CONASON

When Paul Wellstone perished in a plane crash along with his wife, his daughter and three members of his staff in October 2002, the horror of his death nearly overshadowed the meaning of his life. His devoted supporters, including his two surviving sons, were understandably overwhelmed by the immediate pressures of trying to hold on to his Senate seat. His conservative adversaries, in Washington and elsewhere, were tempted by the opportunity to misuse his memory for their own purposes—to diminish his liberal colleagues, to emphasize liberalism's quixotic frustrations, to reiterate the complacent perspective he rejected.



AP/WIDE WORLD

In Wellstone's immediate secular canonization, through mass media rituals that allowed us to transcend our grief about that terrible event, he suddenly became vulnerable to television's trivializing effects. This was a mixed benediction from a medium that had rarely paid him much attention before his death. He was presented as the quixotic radical, the gregarious populist, the lovable dissenter, the rare honest liberal, the minority of one. Wellstone was certainly all those things, and he was surely a great man. But what made him great seems to have escaped our understanding, even at the moment when the nation was transfixed by his image. He deserves much better than to be remembered as a cliché, whether condescending or flattering.

One clue to Wellstone's greatness is his rise to political prominence from utterly ordinary beginnings. He suffered through the kind of unpromising adolescence that, in America, sometimes precedes an extraordinary life. Growing up in suburban Washington during the 1950s, he was just a short, awkward kid with a learning disability, poor grades and bad test scores. His middle-class Jewish parents both worked, struggling to earn enough money to cope with the crippling depression suffered by Paul's institutionalized older brother. For a while, the problems in school and at home drove him into delinquency, vandalizing buildings and stealing cars for "joy rides" that probably brought him little joy. He once called that period his "rebel without a cause" phase, as if Woody Allen had understudied James Dean.

Wellstone's chance to escape mediocrity arrived by the grace of that most American form of social and academic advancement, the athletic scholarship. He had discovered discipline and achievement as a high school wrestler, a sport in which he excelled because of strength, tenacity and aggression that far exceeded his small size. The scholarship took him to the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, where he developed a passion for political science. He earned his undergraduate degree in three years, had his first child with his wife, Sheila, and won a regional wrestling championship.

He did well enough teaching political science at Carleton College, where he took the academic job that consumed the first two decades of his career. But Wellstone was hardly contented with scholarship. He was an indefatigable community organizer with enormous rhetorical talents. At Carleton, he spent much of his time involved in a variety of left-wing and community-organizing efforts, like many other New Left veterans. Few of those endeavors, however worthy, achieved their objectives. To the horror of the college deans, he also had a habit of getting arrested, first at a Vietnam War protest at the federal building in Minneapolis, and later at a local bank where he was protesting farm bankruptcies. In 1974 Carleton tried to dismiss him. He organized students and alumni to fight the decision and win him tenure.

By that point, as the New Left swiftly declined into violence and irrelevance, Wellstone had established himself as a certain familiar type: the leftist professor and campus gadfly who shows up at antiwar demonstrations, annoys the local veterans' organizations and occasionally publishes an op-ed article with a "radical" viewpoint. Obviously, he turned out to be something much more significant. The difference was his discovery that he was a politician, with the peculiar gift for charming and, more important, remembering each voter. It's a quality that wins elections nobody thinks can be won—and a skill that requires the ability to listen as well as talk. He also decided that he was a Democrat as well as a democrat.

That simple choice—to be politically where the people of his adopted state had for so long been—was the foundation of Wellstone's greatness.

Unlike other celebrated figures on the New Left, he entertained no illusions about leading a revolution or even a third-party movement. Unlike some who had been far better known during the 1960s, he was as much at ease in a union hall or a restaurant kitchen as he eventually became on the Senate floor. Though that quality was not necessarily a function of his populist views, it certainly complemented his outlook. Other politicians exude the common touch, real or counterfeit, and then betray the waitresses and the busboys by voting against the minimum wage. With Wellstone, there was neither doubt nor contradiction.

He had much to teach the left as well. His patriotism was the profound love of country that emerges as deep, passionate concern for the people and the land. His lack of pretension and his dedication to healing the injuries of class belied the stereotype of

Joe Conason is a columnist for the New York Observer *and* Salon. *His new book,* Big Lies: The Right-Wing Propaganda Machine and How It Distorts the Truth *(St. Martin's), will be released in August.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "limousine liberal." His own hero was Robert Kennedy, with whom Wellstone shared a tinge of cultural conservatism.

So there he was, a man of the people with an earnest desire to improve their lives and an unusual capacity to communicate. At the time, in the early 1980s, the populist heritage of Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party had been relegated to another era. The party's most celebrated figure was still Hubert Horatio Humphrey, an object of scorn on the New Left for his abject collaboration in Lyndon Johnson's escalation in Vietnam. The party that would soon nominate for President another Minnesotan named Walter Mondale hardly welcomed Wellstone's energy and style, let alone his radical perspective.

Yet however serious his differences with the party's more centrist leadership, in Minnesota and nationally, Wellstone never hesitated to call himself a Democrat. He liked to say that he belonged to "the democratic wing of the Democratic Party." When others of his generation veered off toward apocalyptic insanity or spiritual tangents, or dropped out of electoral politics altogether, he consistently understood that real politics and real power were located in the struggle between the major parties.

After an abortive and slightly silly race for state auditor, Wellstone persevered to seek a seat on the Democratic National Committee. If not a party hack, he was undoubtedly a party functionary, albeit of a particularly rambunctious stripe. He could not be deflected from that fundamental insight, even when the state party establishment tried to kick him off the DNC in 1988. Two years later, that perseverance was rewarded with the Senate nomination. The political and press establishment gave him little chance of defeating a popular and entrenched incumbent Republican. But he crafted a campaign that brought together a "blue-green" coalition of unionized workers, urban and suburban liberals and environmentalists, along with a slice of independent populists, that won an amazing victory.

Much has been made of the fact that as a senator, he often found himself at the short end of a 99-to-1 roll call. He took pride in that principled obstinacy. But whenever he talked about his own record, Wellstone put equal emphasis on the things he had accomplished with more conventional Democrats and on occasion with conservative Republicans. Those Senate conservatives, who had regarded him from the beginning as a rather dubious radical, came to know a quintessential American, the son of immigrants who loved sports and married his high school sweetheart.

He was in many ways an exemplary senator, not merely a maverick showhorse. When nine miners trapped in a Pennsylvania pit became a national news story, politicians and pundits suddenly started to ask a few questions about mine safety. They found Wellstone already there, demanding better funding and exposing the deficiencies in the federal mine safety bureaucracy. Until that moment, mine safety wasn't "hot," and the issue quickly lost its momentary cachet after the Quecreek miners were saved. That didn't matter to Wellstone, who pursued the issues he cared about—universal healthcare, minimum-wage increases, the lobbyist gift ban, campaign finance reform—not the fads and fashions that attract TV cameras.

What may stand as his single greatest achievement—the federal law mandating insurance parity for mental healthcare—came about through his unlikely but close alliance with New Mexico Senator Pete Domenici (a tough old conservative Republican who wept openly on television the day the Wellstones died). During his final campaign, Greens and various ultraleft poseurs increasingly denounced his pragmatism, as if the sole legitimate purpose of a principled senator is to irritate colleagues and achieve nothing.

But Wellstone could speak as the conscience of his party and his country because he had earned the right to demand a hearing. He had long since left behind the theatrics of tantrum and posturing for the grinding, frustrating, joyful discipline of campaign and governance. What he had learned—and what he taught us by example—was the vast difference between illusions and dreams.

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

our strategy—electing progressives to all levels in Worcester and defeating key conservatives, including the state chair of ALEC (addressed in Nichols's companion article, "ALEC Meets His Match"). These victories show that states *can* provide alternatives to the national agenda.

N2N-MA and WFAC have led this organizing since 1997, when we began to develop a strategy to confront (bipartisan) conservative control of Massachusetts. There is a steep drop-off in voter turnout among low-income people between national and state elections. Just as increasing low-income participation in national politics improved our Congressional representation, increasing participation in state politics holds the key to progressive state government.

We build diverse coalitions to fight for our issues year-round, not just a few months before an election or in reaction to an attack. We target working-class districts using lobbying and elections to swing recalcitrant incumbents or, alternatively, to unelect them.

With only a $750,000 budget, we have a grassroots presence in Worcester, Fitchburg, Leominster, Lynn, Salem, Fall River, New Bedford, Brockton and Holyoke. If we double that, we can have organizers in every working-class city in Massachusetts. That's all that stands between us and a progressive majority in Massachusetts. HARRIS GRUMAN

MY LITTLE CARIBBEAN TAX HIDEAWAY

Belchertown, Mass.

■ "And the Poor Pay Taxes" [June 2] was on target, noting "offshore accounts and other scam tax shelters." Legislation is pending in Congress to address phony offshore reincorporations US firms use to avoid federal taxes. HR 737 (the Corporate Patriot Enforcement Act) and S 384 seek to close the loophole that allows companies to set up offshore headquarters. Progressives must get behind this type of nuts-and-bolts legislation. It could be a winning issue for Democrats. JOHN MATTAR

A FOWL LIBEL

Tacoma, Wash.

■ William Greider has repeated an enduring libel of an innocent denizen of the barnyard ["Deflation," June 30]. I demand that he cease. Henny Penny, bonked by an acorn, claimed the sky was falling. Goosey Lucy and other feathered friends were perhaps persuaded by Ms. Penny's inference, but my client, Chicken Little (née Chicken Licken), had nothing to do with the matter. I am well aware that many writers have attributed the faulty inference to Ms. Little/Licken. However, a glance at original accounts of the incident will disclose that it was Ms. Penny who wanted to tell the king about the falling firmament. WILLIAM HALTOM

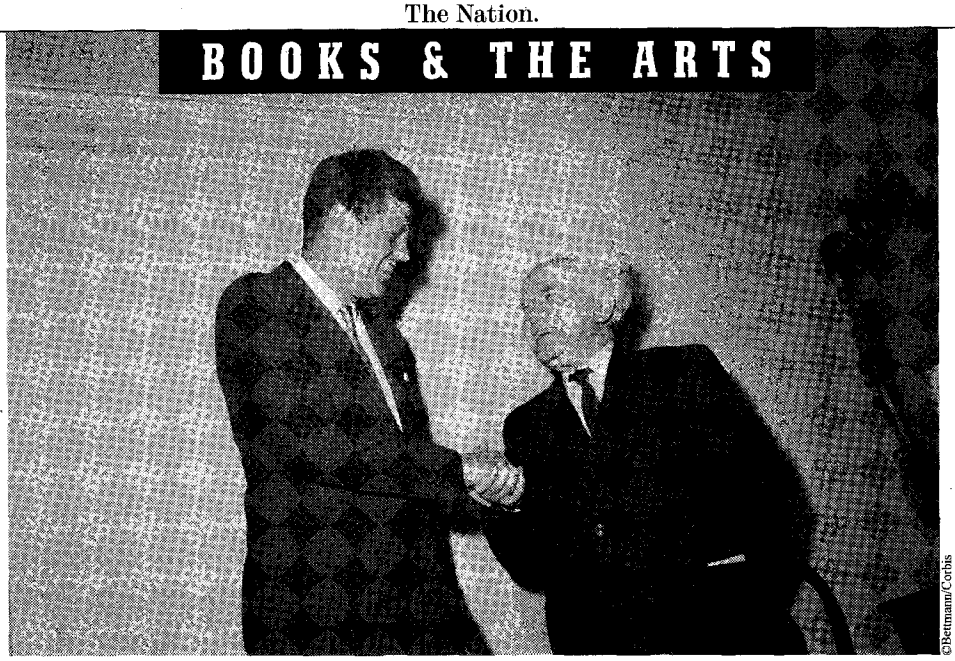
GREIDER REPLIES

Washington, DC

Gloria Mundo! In the future, I will stick to baseball metaphors. WILLIAM GREIDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS



©Bettmann/Corbis

A Costly Friendship

The price of the American-Israeli alliance has been steep.

PATRICK SEALE

SUPPORT ANY FRIEND: Kennedy's Middle East and the Making of the US-Israel Alliance.
By Warren Bass. Oxford. 336 pp. $30.

Much of the talk in Europe these days—in newspaper offices, at dinner parties, in foreign ministries—is about how the United States and Britain were conned into going to war against Iraq, or perhaps how they conned the rest of us into believing that they had good reasons for doing so. It is now widely suspected that the war was a fraud, but who perpetuated the fraud and on whom? Were Bush and Blair fed fabricated intelligence, or did they knowingly massage and doctor the intelligence to exaggerate the threat from Iraq so as to justify an attack? Everyone agrees that Saddam Hussein was a monster, but the military invasion to depose him is seen by many, and certainly on this side of the Atlantic, as illegitimate and unprovoked, and a blatant violation of the UN Charter, setting an unfortunate precedent in international relations. Henceforth, in the jungle, only might is right.

Various intelligence and foreign affairs committees of the British Parliament and the US Congress have started inquiries into how the decision to go to war was taken—when, why and on what basis. But it will require a superhuman effort to penetrate the murky thicket of competing government bureaucracies, spooks, exiles, defectors and other self-serving sources, pro-Israeli lobbyists, magazine editors, think-tank gurus and assorted ideologues who, in Washington at least, have a massive say in the shaping of foreign policy.

How did it all begin? An important part of the story, though not the whole of it, is the special relationship between the United States and Israel. Warren Bass's important and timely book *Support Any Friend*, written with candor and firmly rooted in primary sources, takes us back to the diplomacy of the 1960s, and to what he argues were the beginnings of today's extraordinarily intimate alliance between the two countries. It is in effect the story of how Israel and its American friends came to exercise a profound influence on American policy toward the Arab and Muslim world. Bass believes it all began with JFK. It is an interesting

Patrick Seale is a British writer and consultant on Middle East affairs. His books include Asad of Syria: The Struggle for the Middle East *(California) and* Abu Nidal: A Gun for Hire *(Random House).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOBODY OWNS THE NATION.

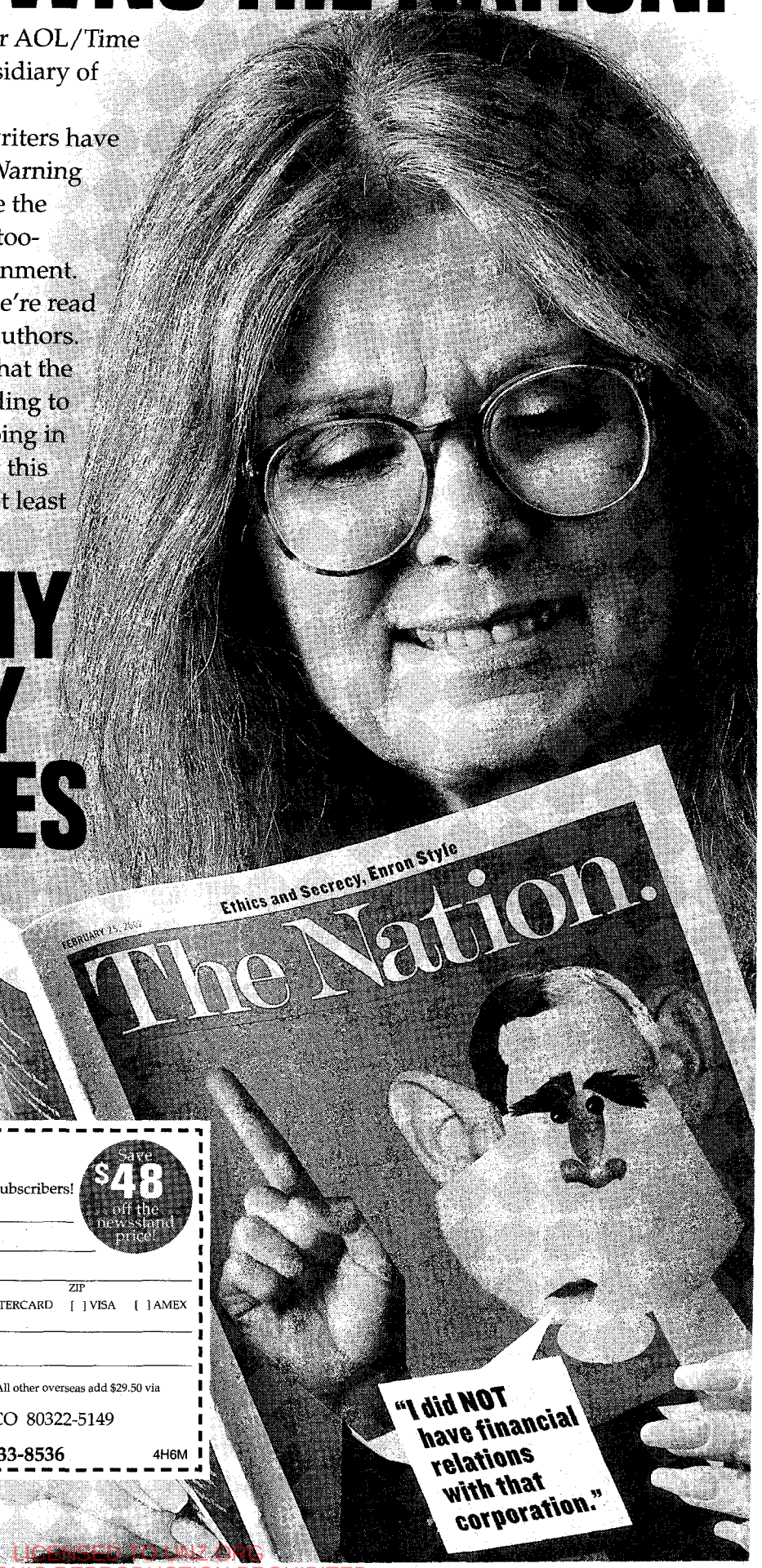
Not GE. Not Disney. Not Murdoch or AOL/Time Warner. We are a wholly owned subsidiary of our own conscience.

This independence is why great writers have always used *The Nation* as an Early Warning System—to expose before it's too late the frauds, felonies and follies of the all-too-private enterprise we call Our Government.

And it's why week in, week out we're read by an audience as illustrious as our authors.

If you believe, as our readers do, that the highest form of patriotism is demanding to know exactly what Government's doing in your name, why not sign on today at this *very* low rate? You can save a lot—not least of which could be your country.

THAT'S WHY SO MANY SOMEBODIES READ IT.



(Legally speaking, of course, everything has an owner, but as a *Nation* editor once wrote, "It is one of the superb facts about *The Nation* that you can no more 'own' it than you can own the spirit it represents.")

24 ISSUES JUST $21.97

Save $48 off the newsstand price!

Yes, please add my name to the long list of notable *Nation* subscribers!

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

[ ] MY PAYMENT IS ENCLOSED. [ ] BILL ME AFTER. BILL MY [ ] MASTERCARD [ ] VISA [ ] AMEX

CARD NUMBER EXPIRATION DATE

SIGNATURE

New subscribers only. Canadian orders add $13 for 24 issues, $26 for 47 issues. All other overseas add $29.50 via airmail for 24 issues, $59 for 47 issues. Payable in advance in US funds only.

Mail to: THE NATION, P.O. Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149

[ ] I'd prefer a full year (47 issues) for $35.97

For fastest service call 1-800-333-8536 4H6M

Gloria Steinem is a longstanding *Nation* reader.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thesis and he argues it well, although in my view the US-Israeli entente actually began with LBJ, after Kennedy's assassination.

The neocons—a powerful group at the heart of the Bush Administration—wanted war against Iraq and pressed for it with great determination, overriding and intimidating all those who expressed doubts, advised caution, urged the need for allies and for UN legitimacy, or recommended sticking with the well-tried cold war instruments of containment and deterrence. War it had to be, the neocons said, to deal with the imminent threat from Saddam's fearsome weapons, which, as Tony Blair was rash enough to claim in his tragicomic role as Bush's "poodle," could be fired within forty-five minutes of a launch order. This flight of blood-curdling rhetoric has now come home to haunt him, earning him a headline (in *The Economist*, no less) of "Prime Minister Bliar."

Although the US-Israeli alliance is widely celebrated in both countries, it has in fact exposed them, and the world, to considerable dangers.

Where did the information for his remarkable statement come from? How reliable was the prewar intelligence reaching Bush and Blair? The finger is increasingly being pointed at a special Pentagon intelligence cell, known as the Office of Special Plans, headed by Abram Shulsky. The office was created after 9/11 by two of the most fervent and determined neocons, Paul Wolfowitz, Deputy Defense Secretary, and Douglas Feith, Under Secretary of Defense for Policy, to probe into Saddam's WMD programs and his links with Al Qaeda because, it is alleged, they did not trust other intelligence agencies of the US government to come up with the goods. It has been suggested that this special Pentagon intelligence cell relied heavily on the shifty Ahmad Chalabi's network of exiled informants. If evidence was indeed fabricated, this may well have been where it was done.

One way of looking at the decision-making process in Washington is to see it as the convergence of two currents or trends. The first was clearly the child of the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, which both traumatized and enraged America, shattering its sense of invulnerability but also rousing it to "total war" against its enemies in the manner of a Hollywood blockbuster. Perhaps because they had more experience of wars and terrorist violence, Europeans were slow to comprehend the visceral impact of these events on the American psyche. Suddenly mighty America was afraid—afraid of mass-casualty terrorism; afraid of the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction; afraid that "rogue states" might pass on such weapons to nebulous, elusive, fanatical, transnational terrorist groups such as Al Qaeda, enabling them perhaps to strike again with even more devastating effect.

The aggressive National Security Strategy of September 2002 sprang from these fears. It proclaimed that containment and deterrence were now stone dead; that the United States had to achieve and maintain total military supremacy over all possible challengers; that any "rogue states" that might be tempted to acquire WMDs would be treated without mercy by means of preventive or pre-emptive war. Under this "Bush Doctrine," the United States gave itself the right to project its overwhelming power wherever and whenever it pleased, to invade countries it disliked, to overthrow their regimes and to transform hostile "tyrannies" into friendly—read pro-American—"democracies." It was a program for global dominance, driven by the perceived threat to America but also by a modern version of imperial ambition.

The second, overlapping trend—overlapping because it involved many of the same people—was more narrowly focused on Israel in its conflict with the Palestinians and its Arab neighbors. Right-wing Jewish neocons—and most prominent neocons are right-wing Jews—tend to be pro-Israel zealots who believe that American and Israeli interests are inseparable (much to the alarm of liberal, pro-peace Jews, whether in America, Europe or Israel itself). Friends of Ariel Sharon's Likud, they tend to loathe Arabs and Muslims. For them, the cause of "liberating" Iraq had little to do with the well-being of Iraqis, just as the cause of "liberating" Iran and ending its nuclear program—recently advocated by Shimon Peres in a *Wall Street Journal* editorial—has little to do with the well-being of Iranians. What they wished for was an improvement in Israel's military and strategic environment.

The Iraq crisis has made their names and organizations familiar to every newspaper and magazine reader: Wolfowitz and Feith, numbers 2 and 3 at the Pentagon; Richard Perle, former chairman and still a member of the influential Defense Policy Board, sometimes known as the neocons' political godfather and around whom a cloud of financial impropriety hangs; Elliott Abrams, senior director of Middle East affairs at the National Security Council, with a controversial background in Latin America and in the Iran/*contra* affair; and their many friends, relations and kindred spirits in the media, such as William Kristol and Robert Kagan of *The Weekly Standard*, and in the numerous pro-Israel think tanks, such as Frank Gaffney's Center for Security Policy, the American Enterprise Institute, the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs, the Project for the New American Century, the Center for Middle East Policy at the Hudson Institute, the Washington Institute for Near East Policy (born out of AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee) and many others. As has been observed by several commentators, 9/11 provided the neocons with a unique chance to harness (some would say hijack) America's Middle East policy—and America's military power—in Israel's interest by succeeding in getting the United States to apply the doctrine of pre-emptive war to Israel's enemies.

This trend rested on a mistaken, indeed willfully tendentious, analysis of the attacks that the United States had suffered—not just the body blow of 9/11 but also the numerous earlier wake-up calls such as the bombing of two US embassies in East Africa and the attack on the USS Cole in Aden harbor. The basic neocon argument was that terrorist attacks should not in any way be read as the response of angry, desperate men to what America and Israel were doing to the Arab and Muslim world, and especially to the Palestinians. Quite the contrary; America was attacked because the terrorists envied the American way of life. America was virtuous, America was "good." The real problem, the neocons argued, lay not with American policies but with the "sick" and "failed" Islamic societies from which the terrorists sprang, with their hate-driven educational system, with their inherently "violent" and "fanatical" religion. So, rather than correcting or changing its misguided policies, the United States was urged to "reform" and "democratize" Arab and Muslim societies—by force if necessary—so as to insure its own security and that of its allies. Wars of choice became official American policy.

Concerned to insure Israel's continued regional supremacy, and at odds with what they saw as distasteful opponents, such as Islamic militancy, Arab nationalism and Palestinian radicalism, the neocons argued that the aim of US policy in the Middle East should be the thorough political and ideological "restructuring" of the region. Exporting "democracy" would serve

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REBEL YELL

THE RADICAL READER

A Documentary History of the American Radical Tradition

Edited by Timothy Patrick McCarthy and John McMillian

From Thomas Paine to John Brown to Rachel Carson, *The Radical Reader* collects more than 200 primary documents from America's native radical tradition.

Paperback, $21.95, 704 pages,
ISBN 1-56584-682-6

UNDERSTANDING POWER

The Indispensable Chomsky

Edited by Peter R. Mitchell and John Schoeffel

With over 60,000 copies sold, *Understanding Power* is a stunning summation of Chomsky's political thought, in his own words and in a conversational format. For vast explanatory notes: www.understandingpower.com

"The most comprehensive overview of Chomsky's political thought ever available"
–Quality Paperback Book Club

Paperback, $19.95, 432 pages
ISBN 1-56584-703-2

THE NEW PRESS

38 Greene Street, New York, NY 10013
www.thenewpress.com

the interests of defending both the United States and Israel. A "reformed" Middle East could be made pro-American and pro-Israeli. All this seems to have amounted to an ambitious—perhaps over-reaching—program for Israeli regional dominance, driven by Israel's far right and its way-out American friends.

Iraq was the first candidate for a "democratic" cure, but the need for this doubtful medicine could just as well justify an assault on Iran, Syria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia or wherever a "threat" is detected or America's reforming zeal directed. Immediately after 9/11, Wolfowitz clamored for the destruction of Saddam Hussein's Iraq. This was a cause he had advocated unsuccessfully throughout much of the 1990s. But the accession of the neocons to positions of power, the fear of more terrorist attacks and the President's combative instincts now made what had been a Dr. Strangelove scenario appear quite doable. No scrap of evidence, however, could be found linking Saddam Hussein to Osama bin Laden. Nor did Iraq pose an imminent threat to anyone, least of all to the United States or Britain. Exhausted by two wars, it had been starved by a dozen years of the most punitive sanctions in modern history. Hans Blix's UN arms inspectors had roamed all over the country and acquired a good grasp of its entire industrial capability. They had found no evidence that Saddam had rebuilt his WMD programs. They would have certainly liked more time to look further and make quite sure. This was the view of most European experts. Meanwhile, Arab leaders had buried the hatchet with Iraq at the Arab summit in Beirut in March 2002. All Iraq's neighbors wanted to trade with it, not make war on it. In the atmosphere of reconciliation that then prevailed, even Kuwait did not think it seemly to admit that it still longed for revenge for Saddam's 1990 invasion.

There were, however, plenty of reasons why Israel and its friends in Washington wanted Iraq "restructured." Saddam had dared fire Scuds at Israel during the 1991 war and, more recently, he had been bold enough to send money to the bereaved families of Palestinian suicide bombers, whose homes had been flattened by Israeli reprisals. These "crimes" had gone unpunished. Moreover, in spite of its evident weakness, Saddam's Iraq was the only Arab country that might in the long run pose a strategic challenge to Israel. Egypt's government had been neutralized and corrupted by American subsidies and by its peace treaty with Israel, while Syria was enfeebled by internal security squabbles, a faltering economy and a fossilized political system. The Iraqi leader had to be brought down. His fall, the neocons calculated, would change the political dynamics of the entire region. It would intimidate Teheran and Damascus, even Riyadh and Cairo, and tilt the balance of power decisively in Israel's favor, allowing it to impose on the hapless Palestinians the harsh terms of its choice. Some neocons were already envisioning an Israel-Iraq peace treaty as a bonus byproduct of the war.

These concerns, in addition to control of Iraq's oil resources, rather than Saddam's alleged WMDs, were the real aims of the war against Iraq. They were embraced by the United States to assuage its own fears and restore its sense of absolute power. But what made the attack possible—the motor behind it—was one overriding fact of American political life: the US-Israel alliance, as close a relationship between two states as any in the world today. The Iraq war was in fact the high-water mark of that alliance.

Warren Bass seeks to establish that the foundations of the US-Israel alliance were laid by the Kennedy Administration. He even gives a precise date—August 19, 1962—for the start of the military relationship as we know it. On that day in Tel Aviv, Mike Feldman, the deputy White House counsel and Kennedy's indefatigable contact man with Israel and American Jews, met secretly with David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir and told them that "the President had determined that the Hawk missile should be made available to Israel." The Israelis were ecstatic. The Kennedy decision destroyed the Eisenhower embargo on the sale of major weapons systems to Israel. "What began with the Hawk in 1962," Bass writes, "has become one of the most expensive and extensive military relationships of the postwar era, with a price tag in the billions of dollars and diplomatic consequences to match."

The Hawk sale is therefore the first pillar of Bass's case for saying that Kennedy was the father of the US-Israel alliance. The second is what he describes as Kennedy's "fudge" over America's inspections of Israel's secret nuclear weapons plant at Dimona in the Negev. Although ingeniously and entertainingly argued with a wealth of detail, the thesis is not conclusively proven. As a matter of fact, the Kennedy team, with the exception of Feldman and his friends, did not want a special military relationship with Israel, fearing that it would trigger a regional arms race. Kennedy was not taken in by Ben-Gurion's histrionic description of Nasser, the Egyptian leader, as a cruel aggressor bent on Hitlerian genocide. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew Israel was strong enough to deal with any Arab threat. He didn't believe it needed the advanced weapons and the formal American security guarantee Ben-Gurion requested. He told Ben-Gurion firmly that he did not want to be the US President who brought the Middle East into the missile age. Kennedy was in fact attempting to reach out to Nasser, whom he recognized as a nationalist, not a Communist. He feared that giving Israel preferential treatment might push the Arabs into the arms of the Soviets. In turn, the State Department's Middle East experts saw no good reason for the United States to change its arms policy toward Israel. As an internal memo put it, "To undertake, in effect, a military alliance with Israel would destroy the delicate balance we seek to maintain in our Near East relations."

Nevertheless, Kennedy finally approved the Hawk sale, which Eisenhower had rejected two years earlier. But he seems to have done so against his better judgment. He was eventually worn down by Israel's persistent and systematic exaggeration of the Egyptian menace, and more particularly by Shimon Peres's ability, based on chillingly detailed knowledge of internal Administration debates, to play off the Pentagon and the NSC against the State Department.

Bass's case is also arguable regarding Dimona. Far from turning a blind eye to what was evidently going on there, JFK was totally opposed to Israel's getting the bomb and was prepared to disregard the views of the American Jewish community on the matter. In the spring of 1963 he warned Ben-Gurion that (in Bass's words) "an Israeli refusal to permit real Dimona inspections would have the gravest consequences for the budding US-Israel friendship." He wrote Ben-Gurion two scorching letters, on May 18 and June 15, threatening that "this Government's commitment to and support of Israel would be *seriously jeopardized*" if Israel did not permit thorough inspections to all areas of the Dimona site. Ben-Gurion and his successor, Levi Eshkol, lied through their teeth to Kennedy about Dimona but, as Bass writes, Kennedy was preparing to force a showdown. Had he not been assassinated on November 22, 1963, he was on course for a confrontation with Israel.

The fudge came later, with Lyndon Johnson, who was far less concerned than Kennedy with nuclear proliferation. Skirting the issue of Israel's nuclear ambitions, Johnson approved the sale to Israel of large numbers of American tanks and warplanes even before the 1967 war, which propelled the Jewish state to stardom, pumping a large segment of the American Jewish community full of confidence, ambition and even arrogance. Johnson was the true father of the US-Israel alliance. It was he, rather than Kennedy, who "set the precedent that ultimately created the US-Israel strategic relationship: a multimillion-dollar annual business in cutting-edge weaponry, supplemented by extensive military-to-military dialogues, security consultations, extensive joint training exercises, and cooperative research-and-development ventures."

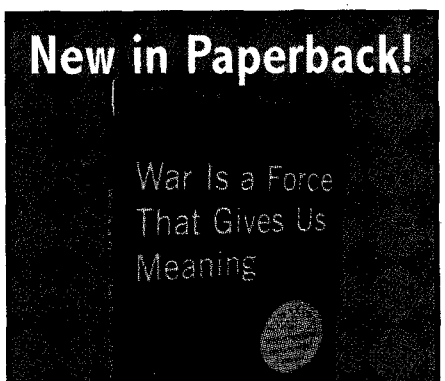
Bass raises the intriguing possibility that the Hawks were never really intended, as Ben-Gurion pleaded, to defend Israel's air bases from a knockout blow by Nasser's MIGs, but rather as a perimeter defense to protect the Dimona nuclear weapons plant. Some indirect corroboration of this thesis was later to emerge. In delivering its own knockout blow to Egypt's air force on the first day of the 1967 war, Israel lost eight jets in the first wave of attack. One wounded plane came limping back to base in radio silence. It wandered into Dimona's air space, and was promptly shot down by an Israeli Hawk missile.

From 1967 onward there was no stopping the extravagant blossoming of the US-Israel relationship. If Johnson had been the father of the alliance, Henry Kissinger was to be its sugar daddy. In 1970, he invited Israel to intervene in Jordan when a beleaguered King Hussein asked for US protection. Syrian troops had entered the country in support of militant Palestinians then engaged in a trial of strength with the little King. Israel was only too happy to comply with this most irregular request. It made some much-publicized military deployments in the direction of Jordan. Emboldened by this support, Hussein's own forces then engaged the Syrians, who quickly withdrew. Hussein's army was thus left free to slaughter the Palestinians.

Rather than seeing Black September as the local tiff that it actually was, Kissinger blew it up into an "East-West" contest in which Israel had successfully faced down not just the Syrians but the Russians as well. This was the real launch of the US-Israel "strategic relationship," in which Israel was entrusted with "keeping the peace" in the Middle East on America's behalf—and was lavishly rewarded with arms, aid and a cupboard-full of secret commitments directed against Arab interests.

Kissinger adopted as America's own the main theses of Israeli policy: that Israel had to be stronger than any possible combination of Arab states; that the Arabs' aspiration to recover territories lost in 1967 was

New in Paperback!



War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning by Chris Hedges

"War is seductive," Hedges cautions. Throughout history it has provided a false sense of purpose and the opportunity to rise above everyday life. Veteran war correspondent Hedges debunks the ennobling myth of war, showing its devastating effect upon community, life and culture. This powerful and intelligent work should be required reading.
- Michal Drannen, Powell's Books

Save up to 80%
★ on hand picked ★
staff favorites

powells.com
The Best Bookstore You'll Ever Read.

800-291-2676

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"unrealistic"; that the PLO should never be considered a peace partner. His step-by-step machinations after the October war of 1973 were directed at removing Egypt from the Arab lineup, exposing Palestinians and other Arabs to the full brunt of Israeli military power. Ariel Sharon's invasion of Lebanon in 1982—in which some 17,000 Palestinians and Lebanese were killed, triggering the birth of the Hezbollah resistance movement—was a direct consequence of Kissinger's scheming. In 1970 Israel received $30 million in US aid; in 1971, after the Jordan crisis, the aid rose to $545 million. During the October war Kissinger called for a $3 billion aid bill, and it has remained in the several billions ever since.

In due course Congress was captured by AIPAC—in Bass's phrase, "the purring, powerful lobbying machine of the 1980s and 1990s"—while the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, founded in 1985 by Martin Indyk, an Australian-born lobbyist for Israel, set about carefully shaping opinion and placing its men inside the Administration. Dennis Ross, Indyk's colleague at WINEP and a high-level negotiator for Bush I, became Clinton's long-serving coordinator of the Arab-Israeli peace process; he rarely failed to defer to Israel's interests, which is one reason the peace process got nowhere. He has now returned to WINEP as its director and continued advocate.

But nothing in the history of the US-Israel alliance has equaled the accession by "friends of Israel" to key posts in the current Bush Administration, and their determined and successful struggle to shape America's foreign policy, especially in the Middle East—including the destruction of Iraq.

The nagging question remains as to what the special friendship has achieved. Have the wars, security intrigues and political showdowns of the past decades really served Israel's interest? A student of the region cannot but ponder these questions: What if the dovish Moshe Sharett had prevailed over the hawkish Ben-Gurion in the 1950s? Sharett sought coexistence with the Arabs, whereas Ben-Gurion's policy was to dominate them by naked military force, with the aid of a great-power patron—ideas that have shaped Israeli thinking ever since. What if the occupied territories had truly been traded for peace after 1967 (as Ben-Gurion himself advised, with rare prescience), or after 1973, or after the Madrid conference of 1991, or even after the Oslo Accords of 1993? Would it not have spared Israelis and Palestinians the pain of the intifada, with its miserable legacy of hatred and broken lives? Has the triumphalist dream of a "Greater Israel" (which James Baker, for one, warned Israel against) proved anything other than a hideous nightmare, infecting Israeli society with a poisonous dose of fascism? The US-Israel alliance is officially and routinely celebrated in both countries, but its legacy is troubling. Without it, Israel might not have succumbed to the madness of invading Lebanon and staying there twenty-two years; or to the senseless brutality of its treatment of the Palestinians; or to the shortsighted folly of settling 400,000 Jews in Jerusalem and the West Bank, who are now able to hold successive Israeli governments to ransom.

An inescapable conclusion is that the intimate alliance, and the policies that flowed from it, have caused America and Israel to be reviled and detested in a large part of the world—and to be exposed as never before to terrorist attack. ■

The Road Map to Nowhere

Now that Oslo is dead, what's next? Anything but peace.

ROANE CAREY

SHATTERED DREAMS: The Failure of the Peace Process in the Middle East, 1995–2002. By Charles Enderlin. Translated by Susan Fairfield. Other Press. 458 pp. $28.

POLITICIDE: Ariel Sharon's War Against the Palestinians. By Baruch Kimmerling. Verso. 234 pp. $22.

MIDDLE EAST ILLUSIONS: Including *Peace in the Middle East? Reflections on Justice and Nationhood.* By Noam Chomsky. Rowman & Littlefield. 299 pp. $22.95.

Although the laboriously negotiated and long-delayed Middle East "road map" received a diplomatic boost by the recent intervention of George W. Bush, the plan is replete with the same structural flaws that doomed the Oslo Accords. It's as if the players in this drama were cursed to a Nietzschean hell of eternal recurrence. As in 1991, the United States has just won a crushing victory in the Persian Gulf and promised vigorous action to solve the Israel-Palestine conflict. As in 1991, the United States, to satisfy its Israeli partner, has vetoed the recognized Palestinian leadership. And just as with the Oslo Accords in 1993—when Israel bypassed the Palestinian negotiators it had approved earlier and engaged its old *bête noire*, Yasir Arafat, because the recognized negotiators stubbornly insisted on bothersome details like compliance with the Geneva Conventions and guaranteed removal of illegal settlements—the Palestinians and Israel have agreed to a process that promises little peace. As with Oslo, it purposefully avoids all the fundamental issues, like settlements, Jerusalem, borders, refugees, international law and human rights.

If the architects of the new plan have been able to present their scheme as a road map rather than a cul-de-sac, they have been aided by the determined refusal of the mainstream US media to speak honestly about what Oslo involved and about what actually happened at the Camp David summit of July 2000, and why it collapsed. Even casual observers can recite the common wisdom—didn't the courageous Israeli Prime Minister, Ehud Barak, make astounding concessions at Camp David, offering the Palestinians almost everything they had long demanded? Didn't he go further than any prime minister before him? Didn't the churlish and deceitful Arafat reject all offers while making no substantive proposals in return, and then launch an intifada, hoping to win through terror what he couldn't gain at the negotiating table? Doesn't this prove that Israel really has no peace partner? This was the refrain in almost every US newspaper and on every TV network, repeated ad nauseam as the bodies piled up and the hatred grew. This magazine, along with a few other outlets and commentators, said otherwise, but the big boys weren't listening.

It was only many months after the intifada began—and long after Oslo was dead, if not yet buried—that a hint of reality began to creep into the mainstream. Deborah Sontag's long July 2001 *New York Times* article,

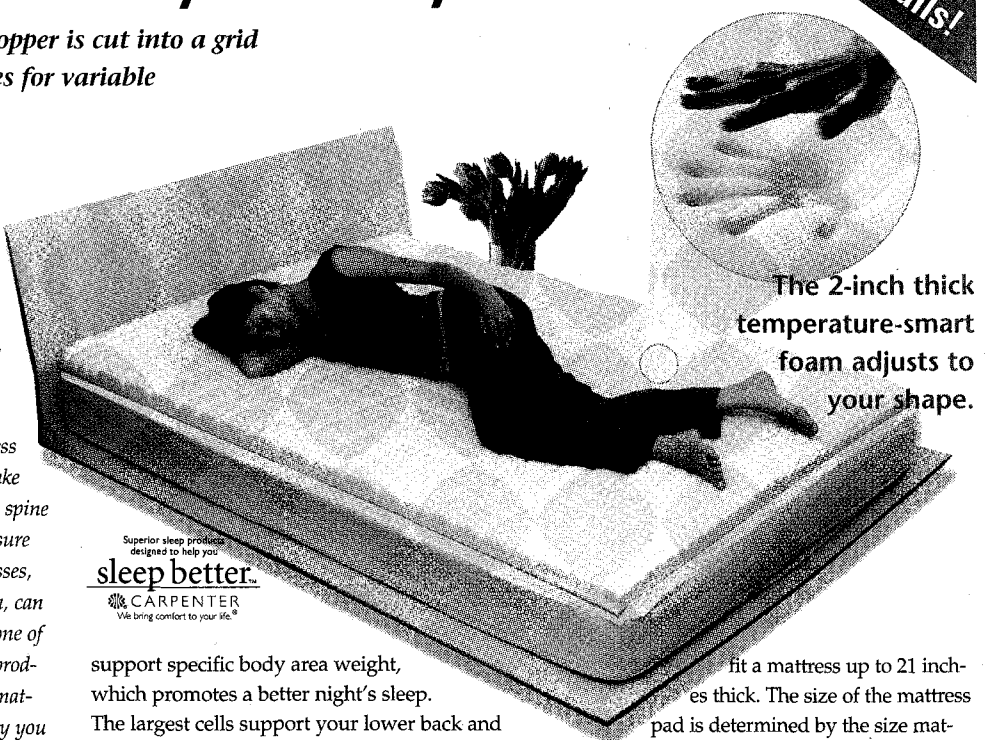
Roane Carey is the editor of The New Intifada *(Verso) and, with Jonathan Shainin, of* The Other Israel *(New Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All sizes on sale... call today for details!

Get in the zone with the mattress topper that molds to your body's contours

The Memory Foam Ultra mattress topper is cut into a grid pattern combining six different zones for variable support and a better night's sleep.

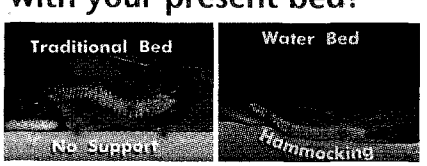


The 2-inch thick temperature-smart foam adjusts to your shape.

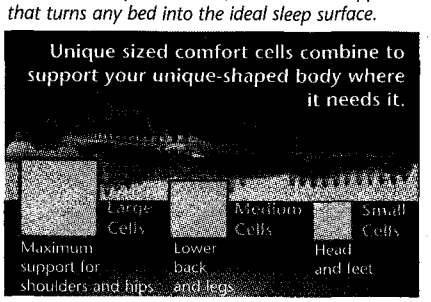
It's 3 a.m. You have exactly two hours until you have to get up for work, and you still can't seem to fall asleep. At this point, the phrase "tossing and turning" begins to take on a whole new meaning for people whose mattresses simply aren't giving proper support anymore. Your mattress may dictate your quality of sleep. Even if you merely suspect that your mattress may be outdated, that's when you need to take action. Some mattresses fail to support your spine properly, which can result in increased pressure on certain parts of your body. Other mattresses, sporting certain degrees of visco-elastic foam, can sometimes cost you well over $1000. Now, one of the world's leading manufacturers of foam products has developed an incredibly affordable mattress topper that can actually change the way you sleep. Introducing the future of a better night's sleep: The Memory Foam Ultra Mattress Topper.

Wake up to a better morning. The Memory Foam Ultra mattress topper is designed to give you a better sleep surface. Not only does it support each region of your body, but it's also temperature sensitive. With its various-sized "comfort cells," the 2-inch thick Memory Foam Ultra mattress topper combines six zones to support specific body area weight, which promotes a better night's sleep. The largest cells support your lower back and midsection, while the medium-sized cells support the shoulders, lower back and legs. The smallest cells support your head and feet. Combined, these zones provide variable support from head to toe. By using visco-elastic foam, the Memory Foam Ultra mattress topper also molds to your body contours to help prevent tossing and turning during the night. When you lie down on this amazing material, the heat and pressure sensitive foam reacts to your body's weight and temperature, so that it molds to your exact body shape. This means that whether you sleep on your back, stomach or side, your weight is evenly distributed and your spine remains in a neutral position. Other surfaces support your body at the shoulders, hips and legs only. This causes your spine to sag in other areas, which can often result in discomfort, and even back pain. You'll wake up rested, relaxed and ready to take on the day. Anyone who suffers from insomnia and back pain can benefit from this technology.

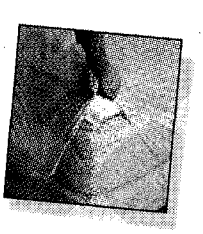
What could be wrong with your present bed?



The ideal position is a neutral body posture in which the different parts of the human body are supported individually and evenly. This is the secret behind Memory Foam Ultra, the mattress topper that turns any bed into the ideal sleep surface.


Unique sized comfort cells combine to support your unique-shaped body where it needs it.
Large Cells
Maximum support for shoulders and hips
Lower back and legs
Medium Cells
Head and feet
Small Cells

FREE heavyweight mattress pad included. Included with the Memory Foam Ultra mattress topper is a fitted mattress pad. It's heavyweight and quilted, and made of 200-count 100% cotton with a 15-inch deep stretchable skirt to fit a mattress up to 21 inches thick. The size of the mattress pad is determined by the size mattress topper you order.



Try it for yourself today! The Memory Foam Ultra mattress topper can change the way you sleep. Promote proper spine positioning, while enjoying relief from insomnia and back pain with this full-body support. It comes with a 5-year manufacturer's limited warranty and TechnoScout's exclusive in-home trial. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return it within 30 days for the full purchase price.

Memory Foam Ultra Mattress Topper:
2P-2870 **Sizes Twin through California King***

Prices have never been lower!

Call now for details...PLUS...receive a FREE mattress pad with your purchase—a $59.95 value!

Please mention promotional code **24885.**

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

877-886-8324

**For mail-in orders, please call for individual cost of the various sizes along with shipping and handling. To charge it to your credit card, enclose your account number and expiration date.*

Virginia residents only—please include 4.5% sales tax.

LATEST...GREATEST...NEATEST...COOLEST
You can see hundreds of high-tech products at
www.technoscout.com

TECHNOSCOUT®
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

All rights reserved. © 2003 TechnoBrands, Inc.

34471

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTELLECTUALS IN ACTION
THE ORIGINS OF THE NEW LEFT AND RADICAL LIBERALISM, 1945–1970
Kevin Mattson

"Mattson deserves much credit for unearthing and exploring an eclipsed strand of New Left thinking—and declaring that today, too, there is a 'need for a chastened sort of radical liberalism.' Other historians, including this writer, have deplored the later New Left's self-destructive lust to undermine the liberalism that was the ground upon which it stood. Mattson goes further. He insists that the New Left harbored a self-subversive streak, a subterranean intellectual tendency that deserves resurrection and cultivation. Radical liberalism fights with the more expressive, grander spirit of going it alone, a line whose contemporary incarnation is Green-Nader recklessness. Affirming conscience and demanding results, it fights, too, with the backward-glancing, republican romanticism that flickers in the often luminous work of Mills and Goodman. Appreciative yet without illusions, Mattson goes beyond criticism or empty yearning. In a dark time, he lights an affirming flame."

—Todd Gitlin, *Dissent*

320 pages • $24.50 paper

penn state press

AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES
OR ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-326-9180
WWW.PSUPRESS.ORG

cautiously venturing that perhaps it wasn't all the Palestinians' fault, and especially the article that August by Robert Malley and Hussein Agha in *The New York Review of Books*, began to puncture the myth. Malley's status as an adviser to the Clinton Administration at Camp David made his rebuttal all the more convincing. But after September 11, fearmongering and the facile equation of Palestinian terror with that of Al Qaeda—not to mention the declaration of near-permanent crisis and war by the Bush Administration—meant that most US media would resume their obedience to the received wisdom.

Now, with the US publication of Charles Enderlin's *Shattered Dreams*, we have the most complete inside account yet of what actually happened at Camp David, as well as detailed accounts of many of the other key negotiations between the 1995 assassination of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and the February 2001 election of Ariel Sharon. Enderlin, a veteran correspondent and Jerusalem bureau chief for France 2 television since 1990, had unprecedented access to most of the top negotiators from the key countries involved. His book, a bestseller when published in France last year, is based on many hours of videotaped interviews with the participants, often taken at the time of the events in question, along with notes of those sessions furnished by the participants. Many of these interviews and negotiating sessions are transcribed verbatim in the book. The reader feels, at times, like a fly on the wall at these talks. *Shattered Dreams* is thus essential reading for any serious student of the last years of the Oslo era. It's remarkable that so many different negotiators would be at once so bitterly opposed to one another and yet so willing to trust Enderlin with their version of events and then corroborate the accuracy of his rendering.

Although *Shattered Dreams* is illuminating on the prime ministership of Shimon Peres, which immediately followed the Rabin assassination, and the obstructionist years of Likud Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, the heart of Enderlin's book is the tenure of Ehud Barak. It was perhaps understandable that doves celebrated Barak's 1999 victory over Netanyahu, since the latter had truculently declared that he wanted to destroy the Oslo Accords and then did everything he could to renege on agreements committed to by his predecessors. But Barak was no peacenik; indeed, as chief of staff of the Israel Defense Forces, and then as a minister in Rabin's Cabinet, he had objected to the accords (a fact rarely mentioned amid the accolades he received in the US media during his premiership). And the unwieldy governing coalition Barak set up after defeating Netanyahu included not only the left-liberal Meretz Party but three right-wing parties that opposed even the mildest of concessions to the Palestinians. (Barak's exclusion of the Arab parties from his coalition—even though they were crucial to his victory—was a legacy of Rabin's assassination: The settler extremists had vilified Rabin, using language so harsh that it incited his murder, not only because he was the architect of Oslo but because his Knesset majority depended on the Arab parties, which they claimed took instructions from Arafat.)

"Building Mistrust" is the appropriate title of Enderlin's chapter on the beginning of Barak's term. The new prime minister at first refused to meet with Arafat, preferring to pursue the Syrian track instead, against the counsel of his own advisers. He approved massive increases in settlement construction, and he refused to carry out redeployments of Israeli forces in the occupied territories that Netanyahu had agreed to the preceding year, eventually insisting that any further redeployments should occur at the final-status talks. Moreover, in an attempt to undermine an international legal standard long accepted by all the parties, he even argued that UN Security Council Resolution 242, which emphasizes "the inadmissibility of the acquisition of territory by war," should not apply to the West Bank. And yet Barak clearly staked his political future on a two-state solution that would require significant Israeli withdrawals.

The Camp David summit itself should stand as a model in future international relations classes of incompetent and dishonest diplomacy. Even though all the players knew that the two sides were too far apart and that the chances for success were very low, Barak and President Clinton decided together that there would be a summit; as Enderlin puts it, "the Palestinians, unpleasantly surprised, [were] informed by telephone." Clinton, disgraced by the impeachment scandal, wanted one final shot at glory and thus insisted on a rushed start, without the necessary preparation. And Barak's government was already hanging by a thread—the three rejectionist parties had all quit his coalition before the summit began, leaving him with a minority and thus incapable of engaging in the high-stakes diplomacy that was necessary to pursue an agreement.

Enderlin's day-by-day reporting on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Camp David confirms the accounts immediately after its conclusion by Tanya Reinhart, Noam Chomsky, Edward Said and other commentators generally ignored by the mainstream. The US and Israeli teams, although sometimes differing on procedures, agreed that the baseline for serious discussion should be formulated around Barak's "red lines": that a greatly expanded Jerusalem should remain under Israeli sovereignty, that there could be no return to the 1967 borders and that 80 percent of the settlers should remain in large settlement blocs annexed to Israel, with long-term Israeli control of a huge strip of land in the Jordan Valley. In other words, the Palestinians should be allowed at most a bantustan of at least four noncontiguous islands, with no control over their traditional capital or their borders. The *best* proposal the Israelis offered at Camp David—and this was after days of arduous haggling—would have allowed them to annex outright or continue long-term occupation of roughly 20 percent of the West Bank and all of Jerusalem apart from a few inconsequential Arab neighborhoods on the outskirts. Furthermore, only a token number of refugees would be allowed to return, under the guise of "family reunification," and even then only at Israel's discretion.

It has been frequently argued, even by commentators sympathetic to the Palestinians, that although the Clinton/Barak offers were inadequate, the Palestinians missed a historic opportunity to put forward a substantive counteroffer. In fact, the Palestinians set forth a clear and defensible position at the start of the talks: The baseline of discussion should begin with long-standing principles of international law, enshrined in UN resolutions and reconfirmed dozens of times over the decades by almost every country in the world. Thus any discussion of borders should be based on the 1967 lines, as specified in UN Resolution 242, with any deviations requiring territorial exchanges. This meant East Jerusalem should go to the Palestinians and West Jerusalem to the Israelis, though the Palestinian side recognized that Israel had legitimate claims to portions of the Old City. As for the refugee question, the Palestinians insisted that UN Resolution 194 should be the baseline of discussion; this 1948 resolution, supported by the United States and reconfirmed by it more than forty times (until, notably, the Oslo Accords), specifies that "refugees wishing to return to their homes and live at peace with their neighbours should be permitted to do so at the earliest practicable date, and that compensation should

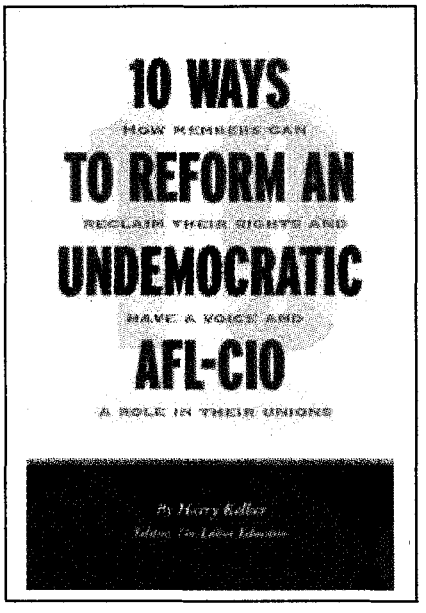
Read why the labor movement is in deep trouble
— and what union members can do to fix it.

Single copies are $5.00 each
10 or more copies: $4.00 each
Special rates for 100 or more copies

Write to:
The Labor Educator
75 Henry Street
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

Tel: (718) 858-7728
Fax: (718) 488-0072
e-mail: hkelber@igc.org

Web: www.laboreducator.org



Now enjoy a whole new way of viewing the world with...

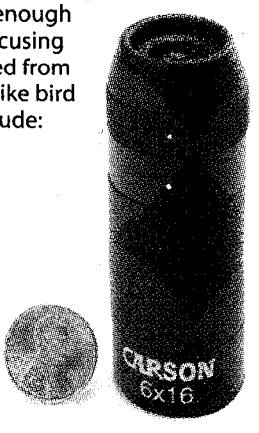
Micro Mono

World's smallest full featured high quality monocular

just $ 39.95...

This amazing monocular system provides super crystal clear viewing with an amazing field of view of 472 feet at 1000 yards and is small enough to fit in any pocket comfortably. It also features Clickstop focusing to help retain the focusing setting as the monocular is moved from place to place. The Micro-Mono is perfect for any activities, like bird watching, concerts and sports watching. Other features include:

- 6 x Magnification
- 16mm objective lens
- Bk-7 roof prism
- 8mm eye relief, perfect for those who wear glasses
- A neck loop, soft pouch and a lens cloth
- Black shell color
- Dimensions 3" x 1" x 1"



Order yours today. **30-Day Money Back Guarantee**, less S/H, lifetime limited warranty. We accept Visa/MC/Amex, Check/Money Order. Include $5.95 Shipping & handling. (WA) residents add 8.9% sales tax. Save more buy 2 and get **FREE** shipping. Item# OP-616.

PJ & Associates
A Division of Somerhills
2201 South Tacoma Way #100, Tacoma, WA 98409
Call **Toll Free 1-877-519-0622**
www.pj-associates.com
Premium/wholesale buyers welcome. With or without logo. Call 253-896-9398 or write
mention order code TN503

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Global Problems, Local Solutions

GLOBAL EXCHANGE
Reality Tours
800-497-1994 | www.globalexchange.org

Tanzania Witness the positive work that is being done to manage the conflict between indigenous and modern life. Tour sustainable development projects that maintain the Tanzanian way of life with improvements. **September 7-20, 2003**

Interfaith Ireland

Explore the root cause of "The Troubles"—British colonialism that has used religion as a tool to divide and dominate. Meet with cross-community groups that bridge the divide. **September 8–22, 2003**

GLOBAL EXCHANGE
Reality Tours
800-497-1994 | www.globalexchange.org

Improve Your Spanish ....AND ENJOY IT!

EL PUENTE is a 32-page monthly magazine written in high beginning to low intermediate Spanish featuring:

- articles from world news, current affairs, culture, science, travel & more
- a side-by-side bilingual glossary to build your vocabulary
- a grammar review, and much more

Practice makes perfect and "El Puente" is the perfect practice!

EDUCATIONAL NEWS SERVICE
800-600-4494
www.ednews.com
Only $49 for 10 monthly issues!

Civil Rights Politics Culture & History

The CRISIS Magazine: covering the issues that matter since 1910

Subscribe to The CRISIS
call 410.580.5136 or visit
www.thecrisismagazine.com

be paid for the property of those choosing not to return."

The remarkable thing, in retrospect, is how flexible the Palestinians were in compromising these legitimate baseline positions. They were willing to concede Israeli retention of sizable settlement blocs in the territories as long as they received an exchange of land in Israel of equal size and value, and they agreed to Israeli sovereignty over large Jewish settlements in East Jerusalem—"the largest Jewish Jerusalem in the city's history," as Malley, the US negotiator, and Agha put it in *The New York Review of Books*.

And far from insisting on flooding Israel with millions of refugees, as the Israeli government and influential US journalists like Thomas Friedman repeated endlessly after the intifada broke out, Arafat made it clear both before and during the Camp David discussions that while he insisted on the *principle* of the right of return, the implementation was negotiable. As Arafat told Clinton before the summit, "We have to find a happy medium between the Israelis' demographic worries and our own concerns."

A common misconception about Camp David—one fostered by Barak, by US editorialists and even by many Israeli peaceniks after the intifada began—is that disagreement on the refugee issue was the central cause of failure. In fact, Enderlin's account clearly demonstrates that while the sides didn't come close to agreement on refugees and many other issues, it was the question of Jerusalem, in particular the Haram al-Sharif/Temple Mount, that was the most contentious. Neither the Palestinians nor the Israelis were willing to budge on the question of sovereignty over these thirty-five acres inside Jerusalem's Old City, deemed holy to both peoples.

Nothing captures the US/Israeli rejectionism better than Clinton's response to Arafat's claim at one point during the negotiations that "international legitimacy means Israeli retreat to the border of June 4, 1967"—a position that was for years official US policy and is still the policy of every other country in the world except Israel and, on occasion, such powerhouses as Micronesia and Nauru. Clinton exploded:

> That's not possible. This isn't the Security Council here. This isn't the UN General Assembly. If you want to give a lecture, go over there and don't make me waste my time. I'm the president of the United States.... You're not acting in good faith. You never submit a counter-proposal.

Clinton then made it clear to Arafat that if he didn't accept Barak's offer, "Washington's doors will be closed to you." In a way, Clinton's outrage was understandable—but only in the context of the extraordinary concessions Arafat had granted in the Oslo Accords years earlier. The text of those agreements, especially Oslo II of 1995, explicitly gave control over land, natural resources and borders to Israel and even stipulated Israeli veto power over Palestinian legislation. Although, in time-honored colonial fashion, Oslo farmed out to the Palestinians responsibility for suppressing resistance to the occupation (not incidentally, encouraging human rights abuses, most egregiously in the notorious State Security Courts championed by Al Gore), it enshrined "external security" as well as "overall security of Israelis" in the territories to Israel. Meron Benvenisti, one of the foremost Israeli experts on the West Bank and former deputy mayor of Jerusalem, referred to Palestinian self-rule under Oslo as "merely a euphemism for Bantustanization" and continued occupation, "albeit by remote control."

Even though he acknowledges the difficulties posed by settlement expansion during the Rabin years, Enderlin largely adheres to the conventional version of the early Oslo period, a fable at once nostalgic and misleading. He suggests that until Rabin's assassination, "apart from the climate of violence maintained by the Israeli right, everything was going relatively well." Rabin "had wanted to usher in an era of adaptation to peace, a period of economic development and peaceful relations." It was the fanatical settlers, the Likudniks and Rabin's assassin who destroyed his beautiful dream of a lasting Middle East peace.

This flies in the face of some fundamental facts. Oslo was a disaster for the Palestinians, one directly related to policies ordered by Rabin, chief among them the closing of Israel as a source of work for Palestinians, which began in earnest in the spring of 1993—long before any suicide bombings—and never really let up. These arrangements led to deep economic depression, with massive unemployment in the territories and a sharp decline in living standards, even as the mirage of peace led to an opening up of trade between Israel and the rest of the world and a booming Israeli economy. At the same time, Rabin continued the large-scale land expropriations and settlement expansion. As Enderlin acknowledges, the settlement population increased by 50 percent in the Rabin and Peres years (it almost doubled from the beginning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Oslo to 2000, a rate of increase that casts doubt, to say the least, on Israel's willingness to cede control of the territories).

The key point here is that none of these depredations were explicitly forbidden under the Oslo agreements—Arafat's PLO essentially abandoned longstanding international law and agreed that key pillars of the occupation were merely "disputed," to be resolved by peaceful negotiation between the parties (a "negotiation" the Palestinians were all but guaranteed to lose, given their overwhelming weakness relative to Israel and the United States). After conceding these crucial points in the Oslo agreements, Arafat and his team were faced with the moment of truth at Camp David: Now that Clinton and Barak were demanding that the concessions be made permanent, Arafat could no longer hide behind the "constructive ambiguity" of Oslo. It was time to either agree to final surrender—and thus face the wrath of his own people, who had been promised all along that the concessions made at Oslo were only temporary—or attempt to reassert the validity of international law at the final-status talks. No wonder Clinton was outraged—not unreasonably, he assumed that the Palestinians had capitulated, and that only the details of surrender remained to be worked out. Arafat, however, is a survivor, and he wasn't about to sign his own death warrant.

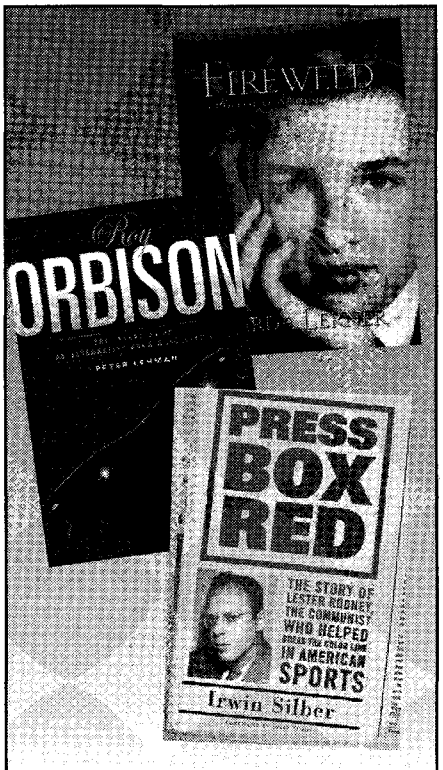
Enderlin shows how, after the failure of Camp David, Clinton and Barak further poisoned the atmosphere, with Clinton breaking his explicit promise to Arafat that if the talks failed he wouldn't blame the Palestinians. Barak, meanwhile, began a well-organized, carefully coordinated global effort to demonize Arafat, distorting what the Israelis had offered at the summit. The Palestinian leadership, in keeping with its long tradition of abysmal public relations, did very little to contest these slanders. These postsummit PR steps had a powerful effect on world opinion.

On the morning of September 28, 2000, Ariel Sharon made the first, and most important, appearance of his approaching campaign against Barak. Surrounded by about 1,000 police and soldiers, he paid a visit to the Temple Mount. This provocation led to rioting and a second, far more deadly, intifada. Enderlin debunks several persistent myths about this latest uprising: Far from being a rebellion launched by Arafat to wrest more concessions from the Israelis, the uprising was, in large measure, a spontaneous explosion of rage and frustration at the years of continuing occupation and settlement expansion, and a protest against the PA leadership as well as Israel. As Enderlin observes, the uprising was at first overwhelmingly nonviolent; only after the stone-throwing was met with wildly disproportionate lethal force did the Palestinian terror bombings start (the major Israeli daily *Ma'ariv* would later point out that the Israeli army fired over 1 million cartridges in the first three weeks of the intifada, with Palestinian casualties ten times greater than those of the Israelis).

Despite the public vitriol and the mounting casualties, the two sides continued to talk, finally agreeing to one last session, at Taba in January 2001. Enderlin gives a fine account of the Taba discussions, which will stand as the baseline for any serious future talks about a two-state solution. It was only there that Israel began to make realistic proposals, but by then it was too late: Barak had already resigned and carefully distanced himself from the Taba talks, and the polls showed that Sharon—who publicly announced that anything agreed to at Taba would be null and void if he was elected—had a near-insurmountable lead.

Although Barak was no dove, his record cannot compare with Sharon's history of brutality, which is examined in *Politicide*, a timely and well-argued monograph by the Israeli sociologist Baruch Kimmerling. As a young commando officer in the early 1950s, Sharon headed the infamous Unit 101, which carried out numerous massacres, often in response to killings by Palestinian guerrillas. The most infamous of these was the 1953 border raid at Qibya, a Jordanian village in which sixty-nine civilians were killed in an attack that aroused worldwide condemnation. As IDF commander of the southern front in the early 1970s, Sharon ruthlessly repressed Palestinian resistance in Gaza, expelling thousands and assassinating more than 100. As Menachem Begin's Defense Minister, he planned and carried out the 1982 invasion of Lebanon, in which approximately 17,000 Lebanese were killed, most notoriously the Palestinian refugees at Sabra and Shatila, which provoked massive protests in Israel against the Begin government, eventually leading to a commission of inquiry that would find Sharon both "indirectly" and "personally" responsible. His political career appeared to be over, but Sharon rebounded, serving in Cabinets later in that decade and for Netanyahu in the 1990s.

Contrary to the expectations of many longtime Sharon watchers, the "Bulldozer," as he is often called, has so far in his premiership shrewdly outmaneuvered his enemies at every turn, co-opting or isolating domestic opponents as the occasion de-



Press Box Red
The Story of Lester Rodney, the Communist Who Helped Break the Color Line in American Sports
IRWIN SILBER
FOREWORD BY JULES TYGIEL
"Lester Rodney [was] one of the most independent and courageous sportswriters of his day. *Press Box Red* is a timely, much-needed reminder of the pivotal role he played in integrating baseball, and, therefore, in the history of this country."
—DAVID MARGOLICK
$19.95

Roy Orbison
The Invention of an Alternative Rock Masculinity
PETER LEHMAN
"*Roy Orbison* probes the mind and psyche of American pop music's mystery man better than anything I've ever read."
—TERRY LICKONA, PRODUCER, *AUSTIN CITY LIMITS*
$19.95

NEW IN PAPERBACK
Fireweed
A Political Autobiography
GERDA LERNER
"[Lerner] has given women's history and feminism a deeper, richer genesis... a generous gift."—*THE NATION*
$19.95

Orders: 800.621.2736
www.temple.edu/tempress
TEMPLE UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mands, sounding alternately harsh and conciliatory. And whenever the Palestinians have observed or been on the verge of declaring a cease-fire, Sharon has promptly ordered an assassination to stamp out the specter of peace, most recently in the attempted killing of Hamas political leader Abdel Aziz al-Rantisi, which was followed by a Hamas suicide attack.

The road map may represent the last gasp of the two-state solution. Even as Sharon cynically announces that he's willing to make "painful concessions" for peace, he urges settlers to keep building, all the while seizing more Palestinian land and demolishing more houses and farmland. As George W. Bush prepared his first trip to the region to jump-start the road map, there was much excited talk about Sharon's declaration that the occupation (even his use of that word, a no-no in Likud circles, kicked up a mini-storm) had to end, that Israel could no longer continue to rule over 3.5 million Palestinians. This was most likely a tactical feint by the old warrior to curry favor with the Bush Administration, to sound moderate while conceding nothing concrete. Yet Sharon for once spoke truthfully about the essence of the conflict: Israel's continued insistence on ruling over millions of Palestinians can only lead to disaster—economic, political and moral.

If Israel continues much longer in this direction, the unavoidable reality will be one country from the Jordan River to the Mediterranean, with roughly equal numbers of Palestinians and Jews. Against this backdrop, the once-taboo idea of a single, binational state—with constitutional guarantees not only of equal rights for individuals but also of collective rights for Jews and Arabs in terms of religion, language and culture—has won a growing, albeit still small, following among farsighted thinkers on the Palestinian and Israeli left. A sober defense of this option was made more than three decades ago by Noam Chomsky, in essays republished in *Middle East Illusions*, a collection that also includes more recent articles by the MIT linguist. In the earlier essays, Chomsky praised the venerable cultural Zionist tradition of Judah Magnes, Martin Buber and other great leaders of the Zionist movement, who warned that a Jewish state that oppressed the native population would destroy whatever was of moral value in the Zionist ideal. Chomsky's support for binationalism elicited hysterical denunciation, particularly from Israel's "defenders" among American liberals. Today, his perspective seems unusually prescient.

Another alternative, once the two-state option recedes from the horizon, is the secular democratic state model—a polity roughly along the lines of the American constitutional order. It's hard for most Americans to conceive of living in any other system, but such an alternative would spell the end of political Zionism and is thus considered unacceptable to the overwhelming majority of Israelis.

And then, of course, there are the nightmare options: hard-core apartheid, with the inevitable long, grim night of repression and rebellion; or massive ethnic cleansing (the current euphemism in Israel is "transfer"), on a scale that would dwarf the recent events in Bosnia and Kosovo. With Sharon still in power, the nightmare scenarios seem ever more likely, given the support for expulsion, or some brutal variant, by powerful sectors in both the US and Israeli political leaderships. As Kimmerling points out, that would lead to the destruction not only of Palestinian society but of the moral foundation of Israel, and would thus constitute a double politicide. This is what is now at stake in the Israel-Palestine conflict. ■

ON THE WEB: While Israeli and Palestinian negotiators work out the details of the new road map, Palestinians in the occupied territories, Raja Shehadeh writes, are still finding it difficult merely to cross the road, thanks to Israeli travel restrictions and checkpoints and harassment by settlers. See Shehadeh's Ramallah diary at www.thenation.com.

FILMS

The Girls of Summer

STUART KLAWANS

LEGALLY BLONDE 2 • CHARLIE'S ANGELS: FULL THROTTLE

This Independence Day, the symbolic struggle being waged on thousands of screens across the Empire pits Reese Witherspoon against Arnold Schwarzenegger, gooey-sweet girl against impassive (but protective) male killing machine. Let film criticism stand mute before this clash, and also a little to the side, out of harm's way. The opening-week box-office contest between *Legally Blonde 2: Red White & Blonde* and *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines* reveals nothing about their relative cinematic merits but may plausibly serve to gauge public attitudes. By the time you read this, either hot pink or blood red will have prevailed in the only plebiscite available to us, the one where votes are cast in green.

Most prognosticators have picked Reese to win in a landslide; and considering the screen persona she's developed, I've looked forward to her victory. As you will recall, she began her political career in *Election*, in which she aspired, rather desperately, to preside over the student council in her high school. When the film was narrated by her civics teacher, Reese appeared to be a sexually alluring monster. When it adopted her point of view, you saw the shame and impecuniousness behind the cover-girl mask. Like all candidates, Reese wanted to win office as a way of getting something else—in this case, proof that she'd hidden every human failing.

You might say that she got what she wanted when she progressed from *Election* to *Legally Blonde*. In the character of Elle Woods, Reese suddenly *was* perfect, as perfection is defined by casting agents, the Condé Nast chain and America's best retail merchants. The movie's trick—or rather the trick of Amanda Brown, who wrote the source novel—was to take this young woman from her Bel Air home into a place of equal but different privilege, Harvard Law School, so that she became an underdog. Though now free of inner tension (compared to her character in *Election*) and safe from material risk, the Reese of *Legally Blonde* nevertheless faced a real challenge. She had to make good on her superficial virtues, converting perkiness into resilience, good cheer into generosity.

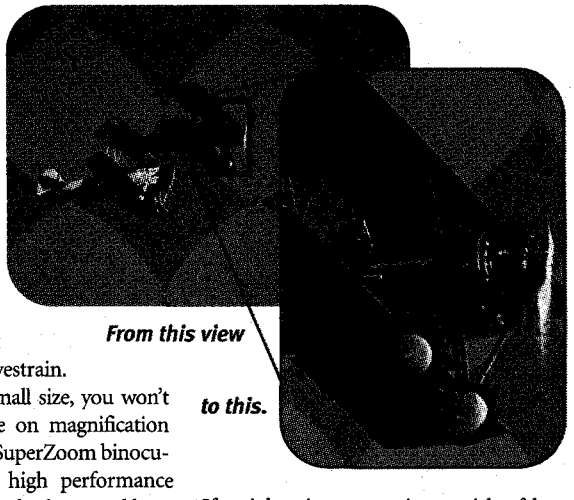
In this, she was irresistible. Not only did she redeem society from its bad judgment—its habit of prizing glossy yellow hair, big

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPTICAL breakthrough

Get a closer look... 80 times closer with SuperZoom compact binoculars.

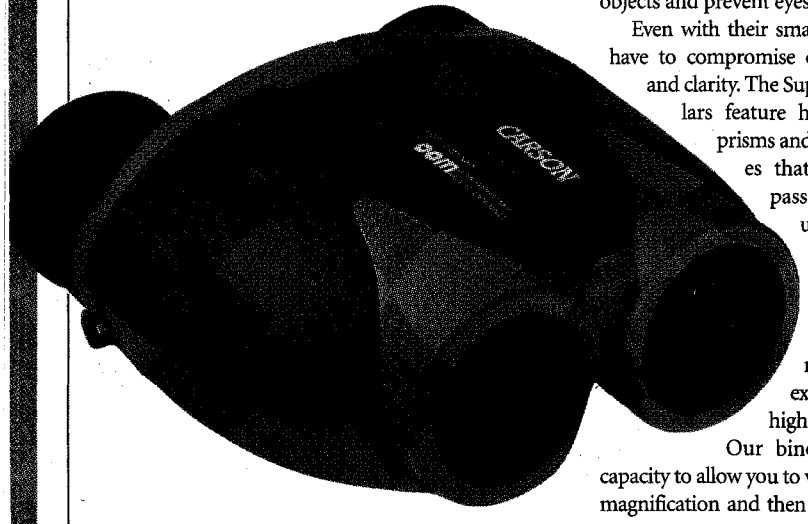
Optical breakthrough brings you closer to the action.



From this view

to this.

Are you tired of lugging around bulky binoculars on hikes or to sports events? Are your current binoculars too big to fit in your purse for the theater? Have you just skipped on buying binoculars because they are too expensive?



Binoculars are always useful if you're a bird watcher or sports enthusiast, but many for sale are big, bulky and lack any impressive features despite their high prices.

We have the answer. Introducing optical technology that brings everything 80x closer in a smaller package. The Carson SuperZoom compact binoculars are some of the smallest on the market, and they still include all the features you'll want and need. You never know where or when you may want them to take a closer look at the natural world. With excellent zoom capabilities, they clear up distant objects and prevent eyestrain.

Even with their small size, you won't have to compromise on magnification and clarity. The SuperZoom binoculars feature high performance prisms and ruby coated lenses that provide unsurpassed infrared and ultra-violet protection. The coated lenses were developed using expert optic technology to produce exceptionally sharp, high-contrast images. Our binoculars have the capacity to allow you to view objects at 20x magnification and then zoom-in for pinpoint accuracy with 80x power. The center focus knob and independent right diopter adjustment offers maximum focusing capability, all without ever losing sight of the object you are viewing. With its one-touch zoom lever and sure grip finish on the body, you'll never miss seeing the action clearly again with our binoculars. The binoculars also come with a tripod adapter for ultra-still viewing. The designers thought of everything. You can even roll down the comfort eyecups so you can view through your binoculars *while wearing sunglasses.* Complete with protective case with belt loop and a worry-free neck strap, you'll take them everywhere.

If weight, size, eyestrain, or risk of loss are preventing you from taking your binoculars with you when you want them, Carson SuperZoom compact binoculars are the answer. And, with this special direct offer, they're an exceptional value you just can't miss. They come with the manufacturer's lifetime limited warranty and our 30-day money-back guarantee; if you're not completely satisfied, simply return the binoculars for the full purchase price, no questions asked.

High-performance optical technology for today's on-the-go consumer.

- **8ox zoom-3 times as powerful as most binoculars**
- **Compact-about half the size of most binoculars**
- **Great for sporting events, bird watching, races, air shows and more.**
- **Can be used with sunglasses**
- **Only 12.5 oz**
- **Affordable**

Call now to take advantage of our special direct offer.

Carson SuperZoom Binoculars

~~$199.95~~ **$149.95 + S&H.**

Promotional Code CSB177

Please mention this when you call.

Toll-Free 24 hours a day

1-800-222-4106.

To order by mail, please call for details.

We can also accept your check by phone.

NEXTTEN

products for your next ten years.

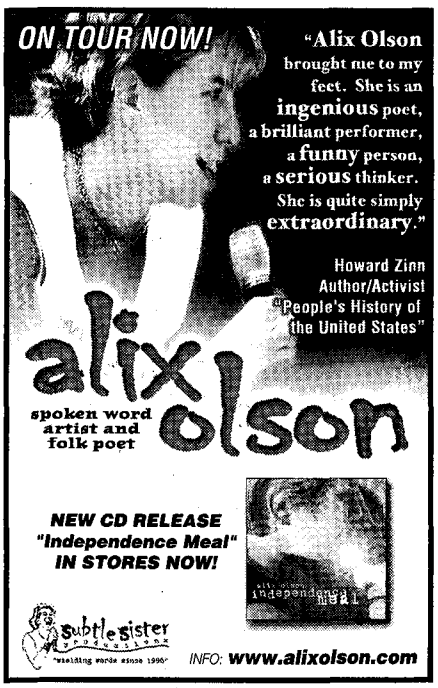
14101 Southcross Drive W.
Dept. CSB177
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

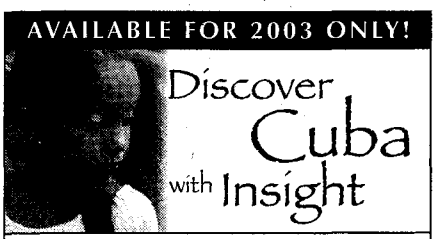
For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day **800-222-4106**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE! Send $5 to Abelard Reuchlin Foundation, Box 5652-B, Kent WA 98064. For details please send SASE


ON TOUR NOW!
"Alix Olson brought me to my feet. She is an ingenious poet, a brilliant performer, a funny person, a serious thinker. She is quite simply extraordinary."
Howard Zinn
Author/Activist
"People's History of the United States"
alix olson
spoken word artist and folk poet
NEW CD RELEASE
"Independence Meal"
IN STORES NOW!
Subtle Sister
INFO: www.alixolson.com



Experience Cuba through its people. Learn about our Cuban neighbors and some of the social and economic challenges and opportunities they face. Meet with social pioneers, farmers, teachers, students, health professionals, artists, writers and musicians. And of course, enjoy the cultural treasures, traditional music and dance with Insight Cuba.

▸ small groups ▸ legal travel
▸ culturally-enriching programs

Insight Cuba

For more information contact:
1-800-935-CUBA (2822)
www.insightcuba.org
info@insightcuba.org
A Program of Cross-Cultural Solutions

white teeth and pink skin for their own sake—but she also discovered the value of a couple of things that society often fails to honor in women: native intelligence and a readiness to co-operate with other women across class lines. Like the Reese of *Election*, the born winner of *Legally Blonde* was willing to work her brain hard. Unlike the Reese of *Election*, she was also willing to make common cause with an obese, battered hairdresser who lived in a trailer.

So I don't need to see *LB2* to endorse it over *T3*. I want Reese to eat Arnold like a canapé, finishing him off with the daintiest of burps and that eye-scrunching twinkle. Let Mr. Bush and his boys in Lubbock see *that* nightmare, advertised as "America's number-one movie."

As a professional, though, I had to lay eyes on my candidate. What I saw in *LB2* made me walk out of the movie house muttering, "Lousy Democrats sold us out again."

In this new adventure, Reese wangles a job as legislative aide to a Congresswoman (Sally Field) so she can push a one-item agenda: banning the testing of cosmetics on animals. (She's adopted the cause on behalf of her little pooch, Bruiser.) Shoulders jiggling merrily in a seesaw motion, right hand poised beside her hip like a little tray, Reese tritzes with Bruiser up the Capitol steps wearing white gloves, pearls and a pink outfit with matching pillbox hat, making a smart contrast with that drab navy and charcoal on everyone else. She is bringing conscience and caring and *fun* to Washington—but most of all, as she and the rest of the cast say many, many times, she is bringing her own voice.

I will begin my comments on this story as Reese herself would do, with a warm-'n'-fuzzy: *Legally Blonde 2* is a gay-friendly film. Snaps to *Legally Blonde 2* for making gay marriage a part of its own legislative agenda, and even doing it doggy style (thanks to Bruiser).

The next best thing I can say—from which you can see how fast we're heading down—is that *Legally Blonde 2* has the courage to make Reese's chief antagonist a black woman (Regina King): a sneering, cold, manipulative, self-righteous young black woman, whose instantaneous hatred for the new legislative aide might have something to do with a few centuries of being ground down by the glossy yellow-haired and glowing pink-skinned. By the end of the movie (as you could guess blindfolded) this antagonist will have come around, having perceived the gifts that reside within Reese's shiny package. Until then, though, our package is nearly pulverized by a black bitch mistress.

This leads me to ask, What gifts? As she went from a good film, *Election*, to a justly successful pop movie, *Legally Blonde*, Reese lost complexity and urgency but gained a social conscience and a sense of delight in discovering the world of ideas. In going from the first *Legally Blonde* to the sequel, though, Reese has only lost. All the thinking is now done for her—by the doorman of her apartment building, yet, as if in tacit acknowledgment that a woman of Reese's station has service personnel to take care of these little things. Reese never has to work hard to succeed in Washington, and must never, ever change (except to put on a navy outfit, once). Nor does she have to reach beyond her own class, other than to address the very knowledgeable doorman by name (they love that), or to pal around fitfully with her hairdresser friend from the first movie (Jennifer Coolidge, here reduced to a cameo).

Gone, too, are the director and writers of the first *Legally Blonde*. Not much of a loss, you might think. The director, Robert Luketic, had previously made only a short, unseen by this critic, called *Titsiana Booberini*. (A romp, I imagine.) The writers, Karen McCullah Lutz and Kirsten Smith, had credits almost as sparse and inglorious. And yet, with *Legally Blonde 2* under the care of the same producers, Marc Platt and David Nicksay, a new team of filmmakers has created the Death Valley of girlie comedy. The director, Charles Herman-Wurmfeld, shoots and edits with the panache of your Uncle Hy handling a twelve-buck disposable camera. The writers (Kate Kondell, Eve Ahlert and Dennis Drake) spare us neither the obligatory clip of Jimmy Stewart in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* nor the ordeal of watching Reese perform her own version of his tirade, though of course without perspiration or mussed hair. Her climactic message: Believe in yourself, America—because *you're beautiful*.

No snaps to that. Were Mr. Bush and his boys in Lubbock dragged off to see *LB2*, as a break from making America and everyplace else that much uglier, they would find nothing in Reese's complacency to disturb their own.

So, with regret, I withdraw my endorsement and cast about for a new candidate—something feminine, but with enough oomph to challenge Schwarzenegger on his own ground. And here it is, the movie of the summer, perhaps the movie of the year—*Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*.

As a grand-scale artwork created by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labor of many hands, *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle* might reasonably be compared to a Gothic cathedral, if Chartres could twitch its ass in your face. Actually, for the analogy to hold, I suppose all three doorways would need to circle right, circle left, swish, swish and bump. Repeat! Matchless entertainment. Given the variations in hue among these portals (Cameron Diaz, Lucy Liu and Drew Barrymore), *CA:FT* might also be likened to Monet's serial paintings of Rouen.

Who created this monument? According to the opening credits, *CA:FT* is "A Film by McG," a formulation that simultaneously asserts authorship and exposes the production's near-anonymity. The creators of this opulent fireworks show, this summer picnic of kung fu, flamethrowers and irrepressible good spirits, must surely include not only the developers of the 1970s television series (Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts) but also the makers of innumerable 1960s spy-movie spoofs (the kind that starred Dean Martin or James Coburn), the tabloids that have made Drew Barrymore the figure she is today, the Farrelly Brothers (who first let Cameron Diaz be herself onscreen), David E. Kelley (who sprang Lucy Liu on an astonished public), the three screenwriters of the first *Charlie's Angels* movie (only one of whom has come back for this installment) and a total of eight producers. To search for a directorial personality in all this would seem as pointless as wondering what happened to the rest of McG's name.

And yet, from the first moments of the goofily elaborate tracking shot that opens *CA:FT*, you sense that somebody is riding the right rhythm and tone. Disguises will be thrown on frequently and just for fun (we wouldn't want to *fool* anybody); dance numbers with plenty of twitch may start at any moment (we're *glad* you like them); and all laws of physics, except those applicable to Looney Toons, will be suspended for the duration. This much you get before you're even done with the opening credits.

Most of all, best of all, you immediately get the personalities of the stars, which come smack at you with a vividness that needs no dialogue and no backstory. With what breathtaking confidence they take the screen: well-bred perfectionist Lucy (who'd be a nerd if she didn't look like that), sexy tomboy Cameron and trailer-park brawler Drew (whose sadness makes her the Ringo of this band). This time, the Angels will have to save Drew from the worst of her many bad boyfriends, as part of a broader effort to safeguard the right of Americans to maintain secret identities.

Pretension cannot penetrate within a fifty-kilometer radius of this movie. Gender stereotypes (or racial ones for that matter, as sent up by Angels sidekick Bernie Mac) cannot survive for fifteen seconds, the time that passes between each costume change. In *CA:FT*, social reality as a whole seems to be nothing but a series of show-business poses (an impression reinforced by the climax, which is literally a Hollywood ending). So long as this particular film is running, the poses are a joke that the audience shares.

I wish that the pop tunes on the soundtrack were not layered nonstop. I wish Bernie Mac had shown more emphatically how he would freeze the blood of any white man who took his act seriously. And I wish the motocross race in the coal pit were shorter. Except for that, no complaints.

Reese and Arnold have met their conquerors. ■

EVENTS

NEW YORK

The Weather Underground

■ *The Weather Underground*, an award-winning feature documentary about the radicals who tried to make a revolution and landed on the FBI's Most Wanted list, is screening at New York City's Film Forum, (212) 727-8110, www.filmforum.com, and comes to theaters nationwide this summer.

NATIONAL

Economy Connection

■ War and Global Capitalism. Unemployment and Recession. For speakers and resources on these and related topics, contact Economy Connection, a project of the Union for Radical Political Economics. We can provide speakers for formal or informal events sponsored by community groups, unions, high schools, colleges or political organizations. Our speakers can talk about wealth and poverty, and the economic forces that generate increasing income inequality, among and within countries. Contact us at soapbox@comcast.net or (201) 792-7459.

A New World is Coming

■ Despite appearances, justice and reason *will* prevail! The guides and teachers of the race are emerging to galvanize all people of goodwill to build a better world. Hear British author Benjamin Creme's extraordinary message. New York, July 23; Los Angeles, July 30; San Francisco, August 3. For info call (888) 242-8272, see www.share-international.org.

The advertising deadline for Events is every Thursday. Rates: $175 for 50 words; $225 for 75 words, additional words (above 75) $2.00 each. To place an ad, call Michael at (212) 209-5414.

Classified

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

BOOKLETS

HITLER AND THE POPE. **JOSEPH McCABE'S** authoritative commentary on an unholy alliance. Paper, $6 ppd. Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, NJ 07657-0102. See www.freethoughtbooks.com.

JESUS FICTIONAL—INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF! Josephus created Jesus, gospels. Scholarly booklet: $5. Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064. (Details: SASE.)

CLOTHING

DASH HEMP CLOTHING: Spring/summer hemp apparel. New hemp comfort for men and women. See www.dashhemp.com, call (877) 561-1824.

COUNSELING

CHICAGO PSYCHOTHERAPIST: TREAT depression, anxiety, relationship problems, etc. Specialize in concerns of artists and academics. Sliding scale, insurance. Deborah Hellerstein, LCSW, (312) 409-9516.

DONATIONS

WANT TO REALLY CONTRIBUTE TO YOUR ALMA MATER? Buy a class *The Nation* for a semester. If you know a professor who would like to offer free semester-length student subscriptions to her/his students, we'll offer you 12 or 16 weeks at the lowest prices we charge anywhere. For information write: Classroom Education Program, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

E-NEWSLETTERS

NOT ANOTHER TALKING HEAD! Go beyond the headlines. Read www.saudipolitics.com, an independent and analytical e-newsletter about Saudi and Gulf affairs.

LIBERAL LIAISONS

FIND A PARTNER INTO SPANKING! Personals, chatrooms online! Color video brochures, $5. Shadow Lane-NAT, Box 1910, Studio City, CA 91614-0910. Call (818) 985-9151, see www.shadowlane.com.

THE RIGHT STUFF: Date fellow graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, Stanford, UCB, University of Chicago, Northwestern and others. More than 4,000 members. See www.rightstuffdating.com, (800) 988-5288.

EROTIC ADULT PHONE CONVERSATION with sensual, intelligent women. Any topic welcome! VISA/MC/AMEX. Call (888) 495-8255.

Concerned Singles

For almost two decades, Concerned Singles has linked singles concerned about peace, social justice, racism, gender equity, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Straight/Gay. Free Sample: Write Box 444-NA, Lenoxdale, MA 01242; call (413) 445-6309; or browse www.concernedsingles.com.

When responding to Liberal Liaisons send response to The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, c/o (Box #).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

MERCHANDISE

FREE OCCULT CATALOGUE! AzureGreen, PO Box 48-TNA, Middlefield, MA 01243. Call (413) 623-2155, see www.azure-green.com.

SOME THINGS ARE BLACK AND WHITE. Wear the *peace button again. See www.PeaceButtons.info.*

FREE BUMPER STICKER. Call (800) 630-1330 or see www.fcnl.org: Friends Committee on National Legislation.

AND OTHER UNIQUE POLITICAL bumper stickers, T-shirts, satire and commentary: www.DemocracyMeansYou.com/order.

REGIME CHANGE NOV. 2, 2004: Buttons and bumper stickers. See www.regimechangenov22004.com.

ORGANIZATIONS

PEACE CAN ONLY HAPPEN WHEN PROFIT IS REMOVED FROM WAGING WAR. There is a solution. TECHNOCRACY INC. See www.technocracyinc.org, call (360) 366-1012.

DIRECT DEMOCRACY POLITICAL PARTY FORMING. Let's stop the talk and start the movement. See www.acthum.net, e-mail common1@acthum.net.

BROOKLYN, PARK SLOPE, NY, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP looking for new members. E-mail George Schroeder, schroeg@verizon.net, for details.

ASHEVILLE, NC, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP IS FORMING. Contact Jerry McKinney for more information: Call (828) 452-7603 or e-mail jaymac_enterprises@yahoo.com.

CINCINNATI *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets regularly. Call Judith or Herbert Shapiro at (513) 861-4641.

OKLAHOMA CITY *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets regularly at the Full Circle Book Store, 50 Penn Place, 1900 NW Expressway St. Please call Hal Cousins at (405) 677-3623 or e-mail Bob Nichols, bobnichols@cox.net for further information.

ORGANIZATIONS

BRONX (RIVERDALE)/WESTCHESTER, NY, *NATION* DISCUSSION group meets one afternoon a month. For further information please phone Florence Gold at (718) 549-1601.

EASTERN OKLAHOMA *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP looking for members. Please contact Howard Kelley at (918) 627-9136.

INTERESTED IN JOINING THE HOUSTON NATION DISCUSSION group? Contact Charles Mauch at (713) 524-2492 or e-mail chasmauch@aol.com.

MONTPELIER, VT, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is meeting. For information call (802) 229-9918 or e-mail lnichol@together.net.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

RECENTLY PUBLISHED WRITER AND RESEARCH ANALYST needs interns to research book on international peacekeeping organization. Fax résumé to (212) 288-7657.

CLASSIFIED MANAGER—*The Nation*. America's oldest news weekly has an immediate opening for an enterprising and enthusiastic advertising sales representative with strong computer and organizational skills. Ideal candidate will have previous sales experience and an unwavering determination to convert record circulation growth into SMALL DISPLAY AND CLASSIFIED ad revenue. Base salary, commission and excellent benefits. Diversity candidates encouraged to apply. Fax résumé to V.P. Advertising, (212) 982-9000 or e-mail to ellen@thenation.com.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OPPORTUNITY. California Peace Action, the nation's largest peace organization, is seeking a new Executive Director. Closing date, September 1. Send letter and résumé to DirectorSearch@CaliforniaPeaceAction.org.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR WANTED. Chicago grassroots community organization fighting for local improvements, social justice. Must have community organizing, fundraising experience. See www.blockstogether.org. Contact Blocks Together, 3914 W. North Ave., Chicago, IL 60647, (773) 276-2194.

BOOK EDITOR: South End Press seeks editor/activist, minimum of 3 years' experience, excellent organizational, computer and communications skills, and demonstrated commitment to social justice. Salary: $36,000 for 32 hours/week, plus 20 percent dependent allowance, and full health/dental, flex-time, 4 weeks vacation/year. People of color strongly encouraged to apply. Send résumé and cover letter to 7 Brookline St., Cambridge, MA 02139. Deadline: September 1.

POSITIONS DESIRED

DOT-COM REFUGEE. *Ex-Nation staffer looking for full-time* position with benefits in Queens/NYC area. Expertise in office management, general administration, online and offline invoicing, payment processing and receivables collection. Managed health plan, site relocation, equipment purchase and leasing. Excellent computer skills and interpersonal relations. Superb references available. Available immediately. E-mail for résumé: vivettedhan@yahoo.com.

PUBLICATIONS

***PICANTE* SOCIALISM! *AGAINST THE CURRENT*:** "Independent, unflinching" —Ellen Meiksins Wood. Subscriptions $25 per year. Call (313) 841-0160, e-mail cfc@igc.org, see www.againstthecurrent.org.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK: IVY HOUSE PUBLISHING GROUP: All subjects considered. For information, call (800) 948-2786 or see www.ivyhousebooks.com.

PUBLISHERS

NONFICTION MANUSCRIPTS WANTED: Top royalties, major distribution. Brown Walker Press, www.BrownWalker.com.

RADIO

To advertise your radio program or station here, call us at (212) 209-5400.

HELP RADIO FOR PEACE INTERNATIONAL to broadcast *The Nation*'s own *RadioNation* to a global audience. To find out how, call (800) 953-4616 or write RFPI, PO Box 20728, Portland, OR 97294.

RADIONATION is currently aired on more than 90 public stations in the United States and Canada. For a full listing and other information, write RadioNation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

REAL ESTATE

REAL ESTATE IN SANTA FE? Peter Kahn, progressive realtor. Town & Ranch, Inc. Call toll-free (800) 418-1221 x 171, call direct (505) 946-2171.

POLAND. *House overlooking Vistula and small Renaissance* town: 20+ rooms, 4 acres, gardens. Excellent condition. All modern conveniences. National Register. Rare property. $475,000. Owner in Virginia. Call (540) 364-1841.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO VISIT A DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY *(even if the P.M. should be in jail)? **Italy! Old Rome.** Delightful* 1-bedroom furnished penthouse with roof garden. Quiet, convenient public transport. ***Tuscany:*** Two stunning pre-Renaissance houses for rent or sale. Call (919) 542-6815, e-mail siglinda@earthlink.net, see www.rentitalianvillas.com (15 percent discount to subscribers to *The Nation*).

SERVICES

WRITER, PUBLICIST FOR PROGRESSIVE CAUSES: Experienced freelance writer of op-eds, mission statements, annual reports, Congressional testimony and publicity material will help your organization communicate its message. Extensive track record. Reasonable rates. E-mail whabeeb@msn.com.

SPANISH STUDY

GUATEMALA: *Study Spanish plus CLEP, Praxis preparation, in*ternship, voluntary work, cheap tours. See www.casaxelaju.com.

WRITERS' WORKSHOPS

POLITICAL/CULTURAL/WRITER/RESEARCH/WORKSHOP with prizewinning author Donald Freed, "a writer of blazing imagination and courage." —Harold Pinter. Call (310) 476-7250.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates and Frequency Discounts: STANDARD $3.50/word, 15-word minimum; PO Box and telephone numbers count as two words.

Buy 4 runs, pay $3.15 per word
Buy 10 runs, pay $3.00 per word
Buy 24 runs, pay $2.75 per word
Buy 47 runs, pay $2.25 per word

Logos: We will print your logo and center the headline of your advertisement for an additional fee of $45/insertion. Maximum size for a logo is 2 1/4″ wide by 1/2″ deep. Stat of logo should accompany ad copy and payment.

Deadline: Tuesday, 3 PM, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

Payment in US currency or major credit card must accompany order.

Enclosed is my check for $ _____ for _____ insertions at $ _____ / word rate.

"Personals" advertisers: Be sure to include $30 for Nation Box number/forwarding service.

For all ads please include your name, address and contact phone number with your ad. You can fax your classifieds to us at (212) 982-9000 or e-mail michael@thenation.com.

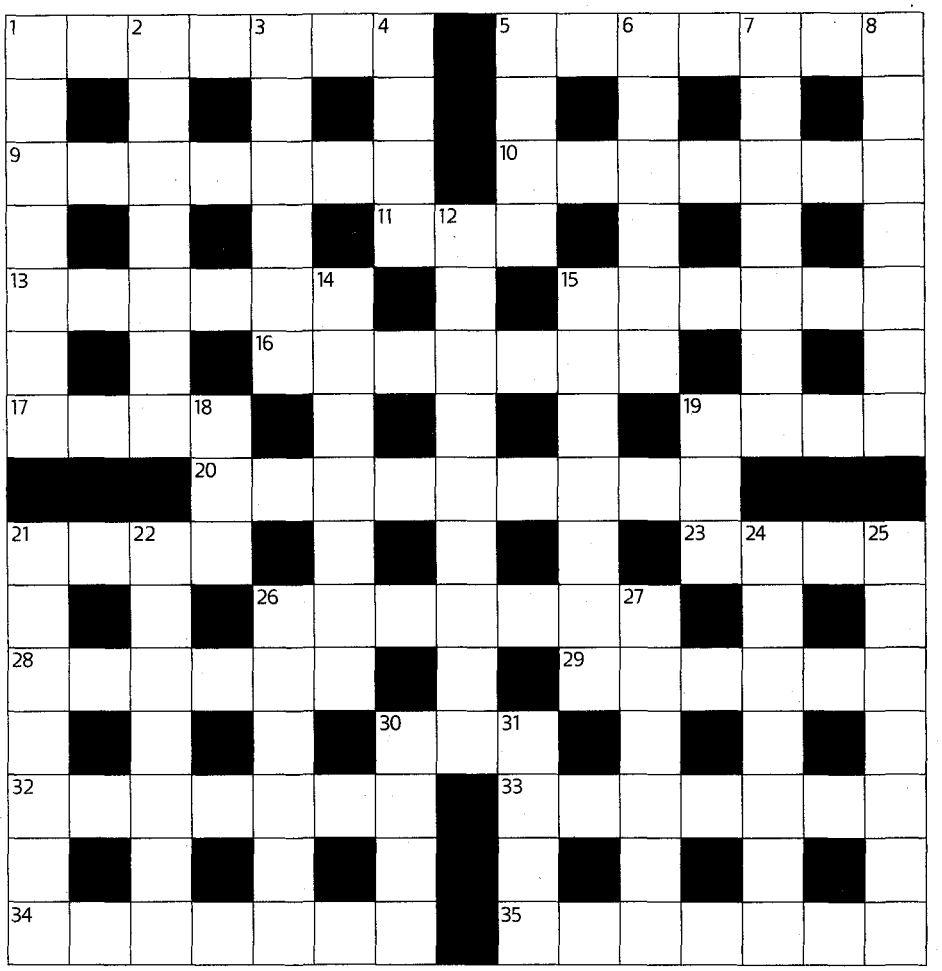
Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

The Nation, Classified Department, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUZZLE NO. 2902

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It's an old game, but help comes back with something like a machete. (7)

5 Your former mate has plenty, but perhaps you didn't set a good one. (7)

9 Monet painted more than one, where you get to play roughly in your hat, as some say. (4,3)

10 One hears it's barely a passing mark, but it's one way to put things down. (7)

11 Does one have a little relative in the Signal Intelligence Service? (3)

13 See 7 down

15 A famous family has a first-aid expert connected with one. (6)

16 In Paris, expensive to have small quarters inside it—but it may be only part of the story. (7)

17 If filled with stones, it might be a door-stopper, to keep the door from being this. (4)

19 All excited since it's some time since a good start was made. (4)

20 One might be called to it in the army, but if you watch out you should pay this. (9)

21 and **31** down Caesar's first wife served up a vegetable. Lamb, too. (8)

23 Studies part of the scout movement… (4)

26 …and those who may some day be Tenderfeet sit rather awkwardly inside it, as they tend to the abstract. (6)

28 Like to have a sort of rest? Say so! (6)

29 You may consider me tiny and all confused, but it's certainly not a feeling of friendliness! (6)

30 See 34

32 Melodies you don't hear are said to be. (7)

33 The French investigation of what some put on in the car? (3-4)

34 and **30** across The times around 1620? (Did others trip along with their tales in making one?) (10)

35 Time to put on certain apparel, which might say where you live. (7)

DOWN

1 Put the cap on backward, like Madame Bovary—it may pose a problem. (7)

2 Possibly the Home of the Brave, if one is the kind who takes the field. (7)

3 Describing a musician who went to hell—a nonamateur rises here in classic style. (6)

4, 19 and **5** Bits and pieces of things posted at the track, as well as the goals set. (4,3,4)

6 Is one trying his own pet schemes or just fishing for something? (6)

7 and **13** across A religious person to sit the wrong way—a predacious type. (7,6)

8 Smoothing things out at the end of the day? (7)

12 The little devil is finishing things up with whatever might be expected to occur. (9)

14 There's nothing for the other side with one, thus being confused doesn't get in, certainly. (4-3)

15 Help comes up when you get to meet around it, albeit in a bad way—but someone can straighten things out if they do this! (7)

18 Went in hurried fashion and handled whatever business was going on. (3)

19 See 4 down

21 Dine on seafood? One doesn't talk about it, who does this! (5,2)

22 Bertrand was a philosopher, but it's a big thing in California to come up and dispose of something just for money! (7)

24 It's only part of the story when a half-baked pie does! (7)

25 Violet-like quality, reputedly. (7)

26 Somewhat of a boxer, but you need this like a big hole in the ground! (6)

27 Just a little clipping the editor briefly took a a potshot at. (6)

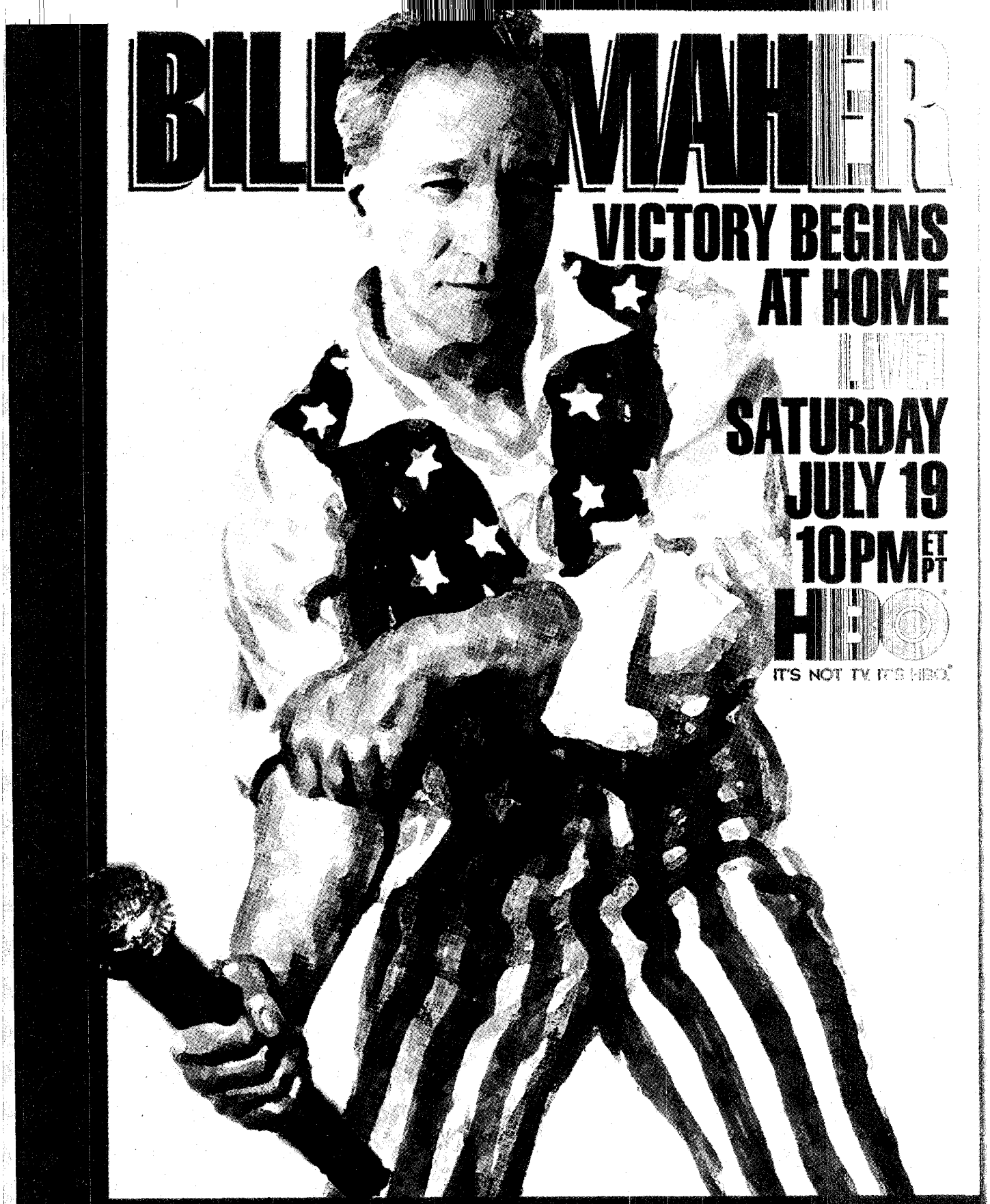
30 Would the British consider it an odd thing to find in your garden? (4)

31 See 21 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2901

	F		S		A		A		B		G		P	
W	A	S	H	E	D	O	V	E	R	B	O	A	R	D
	M		A		O		A		A		A		E	
J	O	G	G	E	R		T	I	C	K	L	I	S	H
	U				A		A		E				S	
A	S	C	H		B	O	R	E	D	S	T	I	F	F
	L		O		L		S				U		O	
M	A	T	U	R	E	D		I	M	P	L	O	R	E
	S		S				P		U		S		P	
S	T	R	E	T	C	H	E	R	S		A	W	A	Y
	W				H		T		T				Y	
G	O	O	D	Y	E	A	R		A	S	T	H	M	A
	R		O		E		I		C		A		E	
I	D	Y	L	L	S	O	F	T	H	E	K	I	N	G
	S		L		E		Y		E		E		T	

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DON'T MISS THE SERIES RETURN OF "REAL TIME WITH BILL MAHER"
NEW SHOWS. NEW TIME. LIVE! FRIDAYS, STARTING JULY 25TH AT 11PM/10C

Subscribe online at HBO.com AOL Keyword: HBO ©2003 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. ® Service marks of Home Box Office, Inc. Tape delayed on the West Coast.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED